

115
D-2604

In Memoriam.

Jefferson Davis.

Died December 6th, 1889.

In Memoriam.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT OFFERED BY THE
CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

" * * * With honor lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honor come
Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,
So valiant, so renowned."—*Henry Taylor.*

CHARLESTON, S. C.
WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL Co., PUBLISHERS,
3 and 5 Broad and 117 East Bay Sts.
1890.

E-67

1-2304

8-11-5

06

31

PRELIMINARY MEETINGS.

On the morning of Friday, December 6, 1889, the news of the death of the Hon. Jefferson Davis was received in Charleston, and the Mayor of the city immediately issued the following proclamation :

CITY OF CHARLESTON, }
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. }

To the Citizens of Charleston: It is my painful duty to announce to you the death of our great fellow-citizen, Jefferson Davis, Ex-President of the Southern Confederacy. The sad intelligence of his passing away has come with true sorrow to the heart of a people in whose midst he spent his life to whose service, as soldier, statesman and chieftain, he gave all that was in life to give. Closely identified with the brightest hopes and bitterest trials of the South, as a representative of her cause, he was ever faithful and steadfast, even in martyrdom, and now in full years, in the reverence and affection of the people of the South, he has passed away in honor, even as in honor long since passed away forever, the cause he led.

It becomes us to join with his and our Southern comrades to pay our affectionate tribute to the greatness of his mind and heart, his high character, his devotion and sacrifice for principle, his unsullied and pure life, that will ever be cherished in the memory of the South, and by all good and true men everywhere.

His funeral services are announced to be held in the city of New Orleans on Wednesday next, the 11th instant, and on the same day there will be held a memorial service in this city. This day of mourning will be held in Charleston, and all the offices of the municipality will be closed. The

flag of the city will be at half-mast and the City Hall will be draped in mourning for thirty days.

I request that all places of business be closed in observance of the day, and I earnestly invite my fellow-citizens to attend the memorial services to be held on that day.

Given under my hand and the seal of the City of Charleston this 6th day of December, A. D., 1889.

GEORGE D. BRYAN, *Mayor,*

Attest: W. W. SIMONS,
Clerk of City Council.

MEETING OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF CHARLESTON

DECEMBER 10, 1889.

The fifty-seventh meeting of City Council was called this day at 7 P. M.

Present, Hon. Geo. D. Bryan, Mayor; Aldermen Redding, Smyth, Roddy, Lilienthal, Cramer, O'Neill, Roach, Johnson, Riley, Collins, Smith, Gadsden and Cade—14.

Alderman Smyth stated that before the minutes were read or any business transacted he desired to present the following Preamble and Resolutions:

All over this broad Southland, which he so loved and for which he so suffered, hearts are bowed with grief, and eyes are moist with tears, as in subdued tones the sad news is told that Jefferson Davis is dead.

As he lies to-night, cold and silent in death, we feel we cannot do too much to show our love and reverence for him who, in those days of trial and suffering when the Southern Confederacy agonized in blood, was our leader and our chieftain.

True the "Conquered Banner" has been furled. But once more, with reverent hands and loving hearts, let us unfurl it, to wave for the last time over the grave of him who was the central figure of that period that gave it birth.

Then let us lay it down, furled forever, as we bury in our dead President's grave all that was left us of our Confederate States. We will consecrate it to his memory, and that of Lee and Jackson and the host of gallant men who shed their hearts' blood in its defence, and while it will no more unfold its "Stars and Bars" to the outward eye, yet deep in our inmost hearts, with undying affection, we will ever cherish with tender associations our dead President, our Conquered Banner, our Lost Cause and the immortal princi-

ples they represent. It is proper, therefore, that the City Council of Charleston, the battle-scarred city of that bloody war, should add their voice to the great dirge of sorrow that is sounding over the Sunny South, and also testify to their unchanging sympathy with those great principles for which Jefferson Davis lived and suffered, and to which he was so unalterably devoted during all these long years of retirement.

Our Mayor has, in such eloquent words, expressed our sentiments that it only remains for us to endorse them. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the City Council of Charleston hereby express their deep grief at the death of President Jefferson Davis, and tender their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

That they hereby endorse the words and suggestions of Mayor George D. Bryan in his proclamation announcing this sad event.

That they urge our citizens to close their places of business to-morrow and attend the solemn services to be held in this city.

That as a token of respect to the memory of our honored dead, now awaiting the hour of burial, this Council do now adjourn until Monday evening, 16th instant, at 7 o'clock.

Alderman Redding seconded the resolutions with feeling remarks, and moved that the same be adopted by a standing vote.

The City Council then arose, and the Mayor declared the resolutions unanimously adopted, and the Council adjourned.

W. W. SIMONS, *Clerk of Council.*

MEETING OF THE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION

OF CHARLESTON DISTRICT.

A special meeting of this Association was held on Friday evening, December 6th, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the president of this Association is hereby requested to appoint a committee of six members, of which committee the president shall act as chairman.

Resolved, That said committee shall represent this Association on a general committee of arrangements, of which the Mayor of Charleston be requested to act as chairman, to be composed of representatives of all organizations, civic and military, who desire to participate in the memorial meeting to be held on the day appointed for the funeral services of the late President of the Southern Confederacy.

Resolved, That all organizations which intend to participate are invited to appoint their representative committees, and to meet the committee of this Association at the City Hall on Saturday evening at 7.30 for the purpose of organizing and preparing for said memorial meeting.

And the following notice appeared in the morning papers of Saturday, and a copy was also forwarded to the various civic and military organizations in the city:

SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION, CHARLESTON DISTRICT.

In accordance with the action of this Association, at a meeting held last evening, all organizations, civic and military, who desire to participate in the Memorial Meeting to be held on the day appointed for the funeral of the late President of the Southern Confederacy, are respectfully requested to send representative Committees to meet the Committee of the Survivors' Association at the City Hall, this evening, at 7.30 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing and preparing for said Memorial Meeting.

ZIMMERMAN DAVIS,	}	Committee.
C. I. WALKER,		
RUDOLPH SIEGLING,		
WM. AIKEN KELLY,		
D. B. GILLILAND,		
WM. E. STONEY,	}	

MEETING OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE,

DECEMBER 7, 1889.

At the appointed hour a large number of citizens, members of committees appointed from the various societies and associations, met in the Council Chamber in the City Hall. Col. Zimmerman Davis, the president of the Survivors' Association, was called upon to preside, and, upon taking the chair, said :

Gentlemen : When the news flashed over the wires yesterday morning that Jefferson Davis, Ex-President of the Confederate States, had passed away, but one sentiment animated the hearts of our people, and that was a feeling of tender and personal sympathy with the stricken wife and daughters, and of respect and reverence for the man who had been the representative of this people in the days of joy and prosperity, as well as in the days of adversity and gloom. Indeed, our pride in him as our leader, and our respect for him as soldier, patriot and statesman were subordinated to a feeling akin to veneration for the citizen who could bear himself so grandly in defeat and disaster. The tenderest emotions of our souls were stirred, as, looking back a quarter of a century, we thought of him in prison, in fetters, enduring shame and humiliation, in our stead—as our vicarious representative ; and our love for this grand old man found expression in the determination to do all possible honor to his memory.

To those who knew him as the President of the Southern Confederacy, and, therefore, the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the Confederate States of America, to the survivors of that army and navy, who had fought for truth and right and principle, under his eye and under his orders, it seemed eminently fitting and proper that a grand memorial meeting of all our citizens should be called, at which

the story of his distinguished life, his fortitude and courage, his patriotism, his devotion to principle, his purity of life, and his calm and peaceful end might be lovingly recounted at the hour when his remains are being tenderly laid away in the soil of Louisiana.

With this object in view, the Survivors' Association of Charleston district have issued an invitation to all civic and military organizations in the city to send representative committees to meet here this evening for the purpose of organizing and preparing for said mass meeting. I am gratified to see the enthusiasm with which you have responded to the invitation, and now declare this representative committee ready for business.

The Chairman then called for the committees of the various bodies which were invited to take part in the Memorial services.

The following committees were reported as present :

The Survivors' Association—Zimmerman Davis, chairman; C I Walker, Rudolph Siegling, Wm Aiken Kelly, D B Gilliland, Wm E Stoney.

South Carolina Society—W H Prioleau, M D, the Rev John Johnson, Capt D G Wayne, Col John M Kinloch, Wm Ed Hayne, H M Tovey.

The College of Charleston—Dr H E Shepherd, President; Dr Lewis R Gibbes, Dr G E Manigault, Prof A Sachtleben, Prof B Boaz, Prof H Wagener.

The New England Society—Capt George H Walter, Thaddeus Street, Henry P Archer.

Medical Society—P Gourdin DeSaussure, M D, R A Kinloch, M D.

Charleston Turnverein—A Matthies, F Richter, Wm Mappus.

Charleston Exchange—Frank E Taylor, W K Steedman, S W Simons.

W L I Veterans—J L Honour, C C Poppenheim, F E Taylor, W M Muckenfuss, J L Sheppard, Jos S Hannahan, H I Greer.

Schutzen Gesellschaft—Alex Melchers, A Matthies, Theo Melchers.

Marine Engineer Association, No. 65—President, M Maguire, Vice-President, J O Mouson, C H Hassen.

St. Patrick's Benevolent Society—Vice-President, Dennis McSweeny, and Messrs. B P Cunningham and M J Treahey.

Charleston Board Fire Underwriters—J L Honour, T P Lowndes, B F Alston.

Washington Light Infantry Battalion— R C Gilchrist Alex W Marshall, John T Flint.

Sumter Guards—W B Foster, T T Hyde, W M Jones.

German Artillery—Alex Melchers, F W Wagener, Herman Klatte.

Merchants' Exchange—J A Enslow, F W Wagener, W H Jones.

Montgomery Guards—Frank Devereaux, John J Regan, Isaac Dixon, John B Fleming.

Hibernian Society—Jas F Redding, B F McCabe, T R McGahan, J Adger Smyth, Frank Kressel, B Mantoue.

German Friendly Society—A Melchers, J H Steinmeyer, Wm Knobloch, C H Bergmann.

Chamber of Commerce—S R Marshall, Andrew Simonds, John Grimball, S V Stewart, J C Hemphill.

Charleston Lodge, 1,104, Knights of Honor—René R Jervej, B M Lebbj, W W Simons, G Riecke.

Vanderbilt Benevolent Association—A C Kaufman, John F Witcofskey, John T Forbes, A J Riley, A F C Cramer.

Citadel Academy—Gen George D Johnston.

Carolina Rifles—Edward Anderson, W G Harvey, Jr.

Fellowship Society—Charles Kerrison, Jr, W E Honour, H L P Bolger, Campbell Douglas, Edward Perry, Theodore Abrahams.

Builders' and Dealers' Exchange—George W Egan, Edward Anderson, Henry Oliver, Oscar S Miscally, Leland Moore, D A J Sullivan.

Cincinnati Society—C C Pinckney, D D, Gen Geo D Johnston, Thos Pinckney Lowndes.

St. Andrew's Society—Jas Allan, A S Johnston, Alex W Marshall.

Charleston Council, No. 852, American Legion of Honor—
R Heisser, S S Buist.

Charleston Port Society—The Rev C E Chichester,
Masonic Lodges—Charles Inglesby, A Doty, E L Roche.
Deutscher Bruderlicher Bund—F Heinz.

Catholic Knights of America—Dennis Kennedy, W F
McInnes.

Ancient Order of Hibernians—E M Barry, M J Danelhay.
Chrestomathic Society—Fred Tupper, Jr, W H Prioleau,
Jr, J W Cantey Johnson.

Palmetto Guard—S G Pinckney, B C Webb, Hall T
McGee, W H Chapman, C R Holmes.

Irish Volunteers—P Culleton, W M Tracy, Wm Shelton,
John Kenney.

Philomathic Society, Porter's Academy—F Lee Gruber,
A Barron Holmes, Jr, T Allen Legare.

The Academy of Music and the Grand Opera House were
both placed at the disposal of the Committee for holding
the Memorial services, and the Grand Opera House was
selected.

The following sub-committees were appointed.

On Resolutions—J C Hemphill, T A Huguenin, D B
Gilliland.

On Speakers—C I Walker, Rudolph Siegling, A W Mar-
shall, A C Kaufman, C H Bergmann.

On Arrangements—J Adger Smyth, Wm H Prioleau,
M D, Henry P Archer, Dr Henry E Shepherd, F Melchers,
Gen Geo D Johnston, James Allan, R Heisser, John Grim-
ball, René R Jervey; Wm Mappus, P Gourdin DeSaussure,
M D, O S Miscally, S W Simons, A J Riley, Maurice
Maguire, Alex Melchers, H I Greer, B P Cunningham,
C E Chichester, Chas Kerrison, Jr, T P Lowndes, John T
Flint, T T Hyde, H Klatté, Joseph A Énslow, W G Harvey,
Jr, F J Devereaux, B F McCabe, John F Witcofskey, Chas
Inglesby, F Heinz, Dennis Kennedy, E M Barry, W H
Prioleau, Jr, C R Holmes, P Culleton, A B Holmes, Jr.

On Finance—F E Taylor, J F Redding, F W Wagener, J H Steinmeyer, Andrew Simonds.

On Decoration—R C Gilchrist, G W Egan, Edward Anderson, W W Simons, B Mantoue, Glenn E Davis.

The committee then adjourned to meet at the same place on Sunday evening.

MEETING OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE, DEC. 8, 1889.

The Committee met in the Council Chamber on Sunday evening, which invested the proceedings with peculiar solemnity.

The following address was ordered to be published:

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE, }
CHARLESTON, S C., December 9th, 1889. }

1. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all the survivors of the Confederate navy, and of all the regiments, battalions and companies of the late war, who may be in the city, to attend the Memorial services to be held on Wednesday next, at the Grand Opera House, in honor of the late President, Jefferson Davis.

2. The commissioners of the public and the instructors of the various private schools, and the authorities of the Charleston and Medical Colleges, and of the South Carolina Military Academy, are requested to close their respective schools and colleges, and all merchants and other employers are requested to close their places of business during the exercises, so that the teachers and pupils of the schools, and all employés in every business, may have the privilege of uniting in the tribute to our illustrious dead.

3. The ladies are cordially invited to attend, and the committee on decoration of the building request them to send contributions of flowers to the Grand Opera House, at 9 o'clock, A M., on Wednesday.

4. All parties having Confederate battle or other flags in their possession are hereby urgently requested to loan them to the committee, who promise to handle them with the utmost care, and to return them safely to the owners.

5. The citizens generally are invited to display emblems of mourning from their houses and places of business on the day of the Memorial, and the entire community is invited to aid in every way to make the occasion worthy of this grand old city, and of the Southern people.

By order of the Committee.

ZIMMERMAN DAVIS, *President.*

W. M. AIKEN KELLY, *Secretary.*

Invitations were also directed to be issued to the Grand Lodge of Masons of South Carolina, which would be in session in the city at the time: to the officers, teachers and young ladies of the Confederate Home, and to the corps of Cadets of the South Carolina Military Academy, to be present at the Memorial services. The time for the services to take place was fixed at 12 M., on Wednesday, December 11th.

The following additional committees were appointed:

On Music—B F McCabe, A J Riley, A Melchers.

On Providing Seats for the Stage—O S Miscally, W H Prioleau, Jr., René R Jervey.

MEETING OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE, DECEMBER 10.

The last meeting of the general Committee on the Memorial services, to the Hon Jefferson Davis was held at the City Hall on Tuesday evening, December 10th, and the programme for the celebration was perfected.

Col. Zimmerman Davis, Chairman, presided and called for reports from the various committees.

Gen. C. I. Walker, Chairman of the Committee on Speeches, presented the following programme of arrangements, which was adopted:

Music.

Col. Zimmerman Davis, Chairman of Committee, calls meeting to order, and invites Mayor George D. Bryan, to take the Chair.

Major Franz Melchers, nominates the vice-presidents and secretaries.

The Rev. John Johnson, makes the opening prayer.

Music.

The Rev R. N. Wells, D. D., reads "The Conquered Banner."

The Hon. A. G. Magrath, introduces appropriate resolutions.

Resolutions seconded by

Major T. G. Barker.

Music.

Gen. B. H. Rutledge.

Music.

Rev. W. T. Thompson, D. D.

Music.

Gen. Edward McCrady.

Music.

Rev. R. C. Holland, D. D.

Music.

Col. H. E. Young.

Music.

Hon. Geo. L. Buist.

Music.

Mr. J. P. K. Bryan.

Music.

Resolutions adopted, the meeting rising.

The Rt. Rev. H. P. Northrop, D. D., makes the closing prayer.

Mr. W. W. Simons, of the Committee on Decorations, reported progress, but said that on account of the limited time for the decoration of the Grand Opera House, it was imper-

ative that the doors be closed and no one admitted until 11.30 o'clock. This recommendation was adopted.

Mr. J. Adger Smyth, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, reported that all arrangements were completed. He said that the German Artillery Reed Band, assisted by veterans of the original Eutaw Band, of the 27th South Carolina Regiment, would furnish the music. He reported the appointment of the following ushers, eight of whom were Cadets of the Citadel Academy, appointed by General Johnston, who would see the audience comfortably seated:

T T HYDE, Chairman

W G Harvey, Jr	C L Trenholm, Jr
F F Sams	J R Robb
H M Bennett	R A Palmer
M V Haseldon	J O Nolte
Edwd Anderson	E T Gelzer
Sam'l R Quincy	Faber Porcher
V B O'Driscoll	F C Black
F W Glenn	Preston B Bird
R L Dargan	W S Mack
W W Simons	J F Burdell
H A DeLorme	E B Hughes
A G Guerard, Jr	B F Grier

E M Zemp.

The only reserved seats in the Opera House will be 60 chairs for the young ladies and inmates of the Confederate Home, 150 for the Cadets, and 200 for the Grand Lodge, A. F. M.

MEMORIAL MEETING,

IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT DAVIS, AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
CHARLESTON, S. C., DECEMBER 11, 1889.

[From the News and Courier, December 12.]

Of the thirty thousand or more white people who paused from their business pursuits, Wednesday, to pay a tribute to the memory of the President of the ill-fated Confederate States of America, there was not more, perhaps, than a handful of that crowd which gathered at the intersection of Hayne and Meeting streets on that memorable day in December, 1860, when Charleston's first Liberty pole was raised. Thousands of the brave men who wore the palmetto cockade on that day are on the other side of the river; their bones are bleaching on the battlefields of Virginia, Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia and Carolina. Thousands of the fair women of Charleston who witnessed that event have laid down the burden of life. The generation of 1860 has almost passed away; but their descendants live, and in their hearts the fires of patriotism and of love of country burns as fiercely as in the days of '60 and '61.

The tribute that the "Cradle of Secession" paid to the memory of the Father of the Confederacy yesterday is proof of this. There is no city in the Union more loyal, more devoted to the Union than Charleston. But Charleston does not forget—never can forget—her sons whose lives were offered a willing sacrifice for the principle of self-government; and Charleston never can forget the man who, in his own person, embodied this principle, and who expatriated himself in defence of the doctrine of State rights.

All Charleston took part in the memorial services to President Davis yesterday. In common with the other cities in the Southland, she laid her humble tribute at the

grave of the great Confederate chieftain, and mingled her tears with those of the people of the South.

The demonstration was worthy of the occasion which called it forth. There was nothing of the pomp and circumstance of war—no parades with martial music. There was only the spontaneous outpouring of a people who hold in loving remembrance the memory of a man whose whole life was devoted to the service of his country. Charleston lays her humble tribute at the grave of the “Father of the Confederacy.”

The details of the day's events are given below; they speak for themselves. The City by the Sea mingles her tears with those of her sister cities in the South at the death of the first and last President of the Confederate States of America.

More than twenty-eight years ago the first guns of the secession shook the seawall and the proud temples and towers of this defiant and ancient City of Charleston. Again and again the echoes rolled over land and sea, proclaiming more loudly and widely than could the blast of ten thousand brazen trumpets that the flag of freedom had been raised; that war in defence of the sovereignty of the State had been declared, and asking, in their tones of thunder, that the patriotic hosts should rally under the banners of the city, the State, the Confederate States of America. These were times when hope was high; the assurance of victory throbbed in the heart of soldier and citizen alike, the gold of the eagle standards had not yet been tarnished by the rain or storm, the gaudy silk bannerets and battle flags had not yet been torn by flying shot or shell, or by the overhanging boughs in the glorious charge through field and forest in pursuit of the flying foe. The gleaming sword or the glinting bayonet, the flashing gold of the epaulets, the sheen of the brazen helmet, the nodding plume or the burnished button had not yet been beaten on by the pitiless rain on an hundred bivouac fields, or rusted by the noisome vapors and dews and frost or blood-stained battle grounds.

Truly the scenes in this indomitable, sun-kissed and for-

tune-favored city twenty-eight years ago have never yet been described.

The sights and sounds of the assembly of the knightliest of the sons of the Confederacy—and the daughters, whose hearts beat with loving and patriotic devotion under the inspiration of the Southern cross—have never yet been pictured truly by the poet, painter or historian. There was no thought then, no craven anticipation, of those words of ill omen—the Lost Cause. With the roll of the first awakening drum, the reverberation of the guns, the march of men, the cry to arms, the fluttering of banners, the crash of the military bands, the strains of Dixie and the Bonnie Blue Flag (how bonnie and blue it must have been!) and when

The mustering squadrons and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed;
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,

there could have been, indeed, no thought of dismay, nor of disaster, nor of death.

But how changed the scene was yesterday when the unclouded sun rose from out the sea and touched with its eternal glory the walls of Moultrie, the flower-crowned slopes and crests of Johnson, and the frowning casemates and parapet of the Gibraltar of the South. How truly typical of the change of scene were the hillsides of Fort Johnson, now carpeted and draped with wild yellow flowers, where for four years the insatiable soil was dyed by the life blood of many a martyr. What better comparison could be made of these drooping flowers, or indeed of the flowers in the gardens of the great battlefield of this historic city, than to say of them that,

* * * * * ‘ Sad in their bud and bloom,
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded in the long gone hours,
Some Knightly Templar’s tomb.’

How changed the scene! Yesterday, after a grim sleep of nearly thirty years, the guns of the indomitable State, which still fights under the crescent and the Southern palm,

thundered again! thundered over the grave of the dead chieftain, the idolized leader of the Confederacy, beloved, revered and honored in his life as warrior and reproachless knight, and well-nigh deified in his death—a martyr to conviction and an exile in his own beloved and beautiful land.

The first gun which shook the city yesterday at noon spoke only to Southern men, Southern women and Southern children. Its echoes must have been painfully eloquent to the survivors of the broken battalions, the aged and bearded warriors of the war between the sister States. With these echoes came borne on the breeze the solemn, silvery chimes of funeral bells. There could have been no thought of a military pageant to speak of a conquered people bursting the bonds and shackles of twenty-four years! The tolling bell, the re-echoing cannon, the subdued voices on the streets of girls and women, and boys and men, were only commingled in the solemn, thoughtful unison of the music which stirs all hearts at the grave of the shrouded soldier when he is lowered by surviving soldiers with tear-dimmed eyes to his last sleep.

Perhaps it was a wild fancy, perhaps it was the poetry of thought that comes unbidden at times; but to whom did not come the thought yesterday that the rolling thunder of the guns did not arouse the Phantom Host wherever they now sleep, on Virginia's, on Carolina's, on Maryland's grave-dotted hillsides or blood-stained valleys?

One other thought certainly filled every mind in the City of Charleston yesterday—that the dead Ex-President virtually lay in state under the drooping Palmetto on the stage of the Grand Opera House. It was there that the memorial services were held; it was there that men of undoubted gallantry, in peace and war; that aged matrons, whose sons and husbands have gone to rest in the memorial cemeteries of the South; that younger women, the daughters of the Confederacy; that little children, to whom the war is but an historic tale—it was there that all classes and creeds gathered together in spirit, and fraternal and filial devotion

around the open grave of the Ex-President of the Confederate States.

How the memorial services were conducted and in what presence should form one of the most eloquent chapters of the war and its results.

The hour appointed was noon. Before that time, however, the populace thronged the streets on their way to the last scene. Military pomp and pageant were absent, save in the uniforms and side arms of the soldiers of peace at the Military Academy. Earliest on the streets were, perhaps, the ladies of the Confederate Home. They went abroad to the scene, out of a house of mourning and sacred memories. They bore laurel wreaths, the victors' crowns, the silver gray moss typical of an unshaken institution, and ivy, the emblem of faith, and clinging love and eternity. In all of these, as in the faces of the gray-haired mothers of Confederate soldiers, and in the downcast demeanor of the students at the Home, there were again typified devotion to and steadfast affection for the storied past.

Besides these there were other graceful maidens on their way to the house of mourning. The young ladies of Mrs. Isabel Smith's school, the ladies of the Charleston Female Seminary and of the Memminger School formed picturesque processions as they filed through the outer gateway of the building. As they passed above them were floating in the gentle breeze the Stars and Stripes, the proud banner of this great nation, and the mourning draped and drooping folds of the flag of this sovereign State. This was all to the outward gaze, and yet it was enough—the State in mourning and the nation (it should have been) at the tomb.

Within the scene was solemn and singularly impressive. Men and women were at work in a dim light, so suggestive of the fading light of the great and grand drama of the civil war. There were two especially advantageous points from which to observe the sadly beautiful memorial tableaux.

Standing on the stage at a few minutes before noon, and

looking east, the picture presented was one of peculiar and varied interest. At 5 minutes to 12 M. a great mass of the young and the old had already entered the building. From the stage row in the pit to the last row in the gallery, tier on tier had been rapidly filled. The assemblage was in strict keeping with the event being commemorated. Men and women spoke only in whispers. It was, indeed, as if they were assembling with the spirit and purpose of devotion in the auditorium of some grand cathedral. Yet a survey of the audience could be rapidly made from the stage. It was composed of men and women in the highest as well as in the ordinary walks of social and industrial life. Conspicuous, however, were the cadets of the Military Academy and the young ladies of the Confederate Home. Other schools were represented, but they could not be recognized by any distinction of apparel or place.

To the right and left the boxes were arrayed in mourning emblems. On the upper faces of the boxes was arrayed a groundwork of white, along which were trailed festoons of black, which were caught up at intervals with rosettes in black, and which bore pendant streamers of the same material. On the curtain rods were heavy laurel wreaths. The arm rests of the boxes were draped in mourning cloth looped with black and white rosettes. Pendant across the faces of the boxes, nearest the stage, were baskets of flowers set off with moss and evergreens. The railings of the parquette were also covered with bandeaux and festoons of black and white, with here and there a laurel wreath or a rosette. The front partition of the gallery was hung with black and white festoons enclosing laurel wreaths at fitting spaces.

A conspicuous phase of the decoration was the interior wall over the entrance aisle. The panels of the section of the wall were fairly covered with pendant streamers of black and white cloth, against which rested many circlets of laurel.

The other point of vantage for a view of the hall was from the entrance aisle. The stage was thence seen in all its gor-

geous but subdued splendor. High up, surmounting the mass of memorial tributes below, was placed a portrait of the man to whom the assembled multitude had come to give the homage of their presence. To the right of the observer, and resting against the portrait was the flag of the Union. On the left was the flag of the State of South Carolina.

At the front centre of the stage and immediately under a portrait a large Palmetto tree spread its leaves. Against the trunk of this tree rested the flag of the Confederate cruiser Shenandoah. In front of the tree was a structure in box-wood and evergreen, against which shone resplendently a cross formed of some white flowers. Beneath this beautiful emblem was another piece of floral work, composed of laurel and ivy and moss, on a background of mourning cloth.

Almost concealed from the spectators was the desk of the chairman of the meeting, Col. Zimmerman Davis, the President of the Survivors' Association of Charleston District. The desk was draped in mourning and decorated with roses and mosses and wild flowers. To the left of this desk was the speakers' table. Its decorations were elaborate yet tasteful. It was draped, of course, in mourning. On the front centre was a glorious wreath of laurel, and on the right and left wreaths of roses, white and cloth of gold.

On the left of the stage, midway from the floor to the arch, were hung the flag of the Palmetto Guard and the Irish Volunteer flag. The Palmetto Guard flag was made by the ladies of Charleston just before the Guard left this city for the plains of Virginia. It was borne by the Guard at the first Manassas. It was sent back home to Charleston when by order of the Government the regiment flag was substituted for the Guard's banner. This flag was made by the Misses Brownfield, who now reside at Summerville.

The Irish Volunteer flag was presented by the ladies of Charleston to the Volunteers on the eve of their departure to Virginia, in 1861. It was, it is said, the first Carolina flag

to reach the Virginia battlefields. Its history is one which would fill a chapter. It was borne by the Volunteers in Gregg's regiment, and was in the thick of the fray at Gettysburg.

In front of the speakers' stand was the battleflag of Rhett's battery, in Brook's artillery. It is a grand relic, well tattered and torn by shot and shell. It was borne in the army of Northern Virginia in E. P. Alexander's battalion, first commanded by Col. Stephen D. Lee. It was originally of old gold and red silk. On it are inscribed the following glorious legends: Manassas, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, Second Manassas, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania, and other bloody battlefields. It is now the property of Mr. A. B. Rhett.

Over the speakers' stand hung the regimental battle-flag of the 7th regiment, 2d South Carolina Volunteers. It was brought home to Charleston by Capt. S. G. Pinckney, after the surrender at Greensboro, North Carolina: It was placed on the stage immediately under the portrait of the Ex-President.

To the left of the tree leaned the tattered standard of the gallant 10th Regiment, S. C. Volunteers, Col. C. I. Walker. The staff of this flag was made of a piece of wood from the timbers of the Chicora.

There was also a flag on the stage which was shot down on the parapet of Sumter and was rescued by Lieut. Langley.

When the echo from the first gun rolling across the city shook the walls of the building, the light was turned on the stage. It bathed the component parts of the beautiful picture in a new and tender illumination. The green of the Palmetto tree, the polished surfaces of the arms, the blue and the white and the gold of the stars on the banners, the bright ornaments of the standards, the modest colors of the roses, and the sombre gray of the mosses, the dark green of the ivy and the evergreens shone in the all but mystic light,

like that which paints such offerings on a casket before some well-lighted shrine in a religious edifice. Suddenly looking upon the thousands of faces they seemed like the faces of myriads looking on in silent wonder and reverence and admiration from some far off land. And this same tender light illuminated hundreds of faces upon the stage, the numbers extending to its very rear walls. Scarcely had such a fancy time to come and go, when the plaintive opening harmony of Webster's Funeral March stilled the vast crowd as if the wand in the hand of the conductor had been invested with a magic power.

The music was played by the German Artillery Band, led by Prof. Otto Muller. In this splendid band are eight survivors of the war.

As the grand strains filled the house with their eloquent harmony, all, save the music, was as silent as the grave. Charleston was then indeed at the opened tomb of the dead warrior and statesman.

When the music died away Colonel ZIMMERMAN DAVIS, President of the Survivors' Association, and President of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Committee, arose and spoke as follows, with evident feeling and emphasis:

Fellow-citizens: To-day witnesses the grief of a whole people. In every city and hamlet in this Southern country the men, the women and the children are at this moment assembled to give expression to their sense of bereavement. The emblems of mourning are everywhere to be seen. The Southern hills and valleys reverberate with the booming of the minute guns, and the solemn tolling of the funeral bells. Truly a great man has this day fallen in our Israel. The hero of battlefields; the man upon the burning eloquence of whose lips listening Senates hung; the great chieftain of a great section of this great country; the patriot who suffered and was ready to give his life for his people; the quiet, dignified citizen; the Christian gentleman, Jefferson Davis, is dead!

In a few moments the mournful procession, bearing his

body to the grave, will pass, with solemn tread and muffled drum, through the streets of the Southern city in which he died; and we, his fellow-citizens, the people of Charleston, have come together at this hour to give utterance to our sorrow. The Mayor of our city will preside over this vast assembly, and direct its deliberations.

MAYOR GEORGE D BRYAN.

Then came forward and assumed the duty of presiding officer of the meeting.

MAJOR FRANZ MELCHERS

Then arose and nominated the officers of the meeting.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Col Zimmerman Davis,	James F Redding,
Samuel Webb,	Thomas Roddy,
J F Lilienthal,	M A Connor,
Dennis O'Neill,	Henry Schachte,
William Roach,	A J Riley,
John M Smith,	W K Darby,
H L Cade,	Com D N Ingraham,
Edward McCrady,	J J Pringle Smith.
Maj Cleland Huger.	Hon Geo S Bryan,
Maj B H Rutledge Jr,	Lieut P E Gleason,
Lieut W M Gourdin,	Maj Geo B Edwards,
Capt E T Legare,	C Wulbern,
B Callaghan,	Morris Israel,
Arthur Barnwell,	J R Read,
S R Marshall,	W E Holmes,
W B Chisolm,	N I Hasell,
R F Divver, M W G M,	Maj T G Boag,
Virgil C Dibble,	A M Lee,
Hon C H Simonton,	John Harleston,
Prof Lewis R Gibbes,	W L Campbell,
Hon C R Miles,	Charles Kerrison, Sr,
T R McGahan,	W St Julien Jervy,
A S Johnston,	R G Chisolm,

Geo W Williams,	Major E Willis,
E Horry Frost,	E L Kerrison,
Capt J E Adger,	John Harleston,
Hon W A Pringle,	J R Robertson,
E H Jackson,	Geo W Williams, Jr,
Theo D Jervey,	John P DeVeaux,
John S Riggs,	F Heinz,
William Carrington,	Louis Cohen,
B Mantoue,	A DeCaradeuc,
J Adger Smyth,	Dr John L Dawson,
Col Jos W Barnwell,	Col John Cunningham,
Andrew Simonds,	Dr Middleton Michel,
F Kressel Jr,	Dr R A Kinloch,
F J McGarey,	Dr R L Brodie,
Samuel J Pregnall,	Dr F L Parker,
A F C Cramer,	Dr I W Angel
John Feehan,	Dr T Grange Simons,
R C Barkley,	Dr J S Buist,
A Johnson,	S H Wilson,
J P Collins,	Capt J J Westcoat,
C L Meyer,	N A Hunt,
C S Gadsden,	W M Connor,
Capt Wm Aiken Kelly,	Thomas Turner,
Hon A G Magrath,	W M Bird,
R N Gourdin,	B Boyd,
Robert Adger,	W M S Lesesne,
Gen F W Capers,	A Doty,
Gen B H Rutledge	J N Nathans,
Hon W A Courtenay,	Wm H Jones,
Dr H M Bruns,	Capt E L Halsey,
F J Pelzer,	Daniel Ravenel,
Bernard O'Neill,	H D Lowndes,
W B Smith,	E L Wells,
B Bollmann,	W K Steedman,
J C H Claussen,	Hon W W Sale,
Col S Lord,	N Levin,
Capt Jacob Small,	A S J Perry,
H H DeLeon,	Alexander Melchers,

Rt Rev W B W Howe,
 Rev G R Brackett, D D,
 Rev A T Porter, D D,
 Rev J Marion Boyd,
 Rev J E Carlisle,
 Rev T P Burgess,
 Rev F J Shadler,
 W E Huger,
 Henry W Frost,
 Steven L Howard,
 Capt Edward L Parker,
 P Culleton,
 Samuel Hart Sr,
 Dr W H Huger,
 Dr W C Ravenel,
 Dr A M Lynah,
 Dr Manning Simons,
 Dr G E Manigault,
 Dr H M Haig,
 Rev J T Pate,
 Capt W E Stoney,
 Gen Rudolph Siegling,
 H P Archer,
 D B Gilliland,
 Capt Franz Melchers,
 Rev C C Pinckney, D D,
 Dr H E Shepherd,
 Gen T A Huguenin,
 S Wragg Simons,
 Rev C S Vedder, D D,
 T P Lowndes,
 T T Hyde.
 W H Prioleau,
 Capt J H Steinmeyer,
 W W Simons,
 William Mappus,
 Dennis Kennedy,
 John T Flint,

Very Rev D J Quigley,
 Rev R D Smart,
 Rev Louis Muller, D D,
 Rev Robert Wilson,
 Rev W H Campbell,
 Rev E T Horn, D D,
 C J Huguenin,
 D E Huger Smith,
 W M Muckenfuss,
 Lee Howard,
 Harvey Cogswell,
 Henry Siegling,
 Dr T L Ogier,
 Dr J P Chazal,
 Dr F L Frost,
 Dr H G Fraser,
 Dr John L Ancrum.
 Dr H M Cleckley,
 Dr T S Grinké,
 Dr Henry Winthrop,
 Capt Legare J Walker,
 J L Honour,
 A Stemmermann,
 Geo E Kingman,
 Jos G Police,
 J D Murphy,
 C F Panknin,
 J H Loeb,
 S L Bond,
 A H Doty,
 Thos Irving,
 Theo Melchers,
 I W Hirsch,
 P Schuekman,
 Col H E Young,
 J P K Bryan,
 Joseph T Dill,
 Lieut L F Robertson,

John B Adger Jr,	Dr H B Horlbeck,
Rt Rev H P Northrop,	Dr A N Bellinger.
Rev John Johnson,	Dr A Fitch,
Rev Johannes Heckel,	Capt B F McCabe,
Rev W T Thompson, D D,	F E Taylor,
Rev E C Dargan, D D,	Dr F P Porcher,
Rev John Schachte,	Dr B M Leiby,
Rev R N Wells,	Dr P G DeSaussure,
Rev R W Lide,	Maj R Q Pinckney,
Rev J J Monaghan,	T Moultrie Mordecai,
Rev P L Duffy,	John Duncan,
Rev D Levy,	Oskar Aichel,
Rev R S Trapier,	L L Cohen,
Rev R A Webb,	D Haas,
Rev C E Chichester,	E L Roche,
Rev R W Memminger,	H C Hughes,
Rev H M Grant,	Joseph Bock,
Gen C I Walker,	W J Miller,
J C Hemphill,	P C Zylstra,
P P Toale	I M Falk
Capt A W Marshall,	T A Melchers,
C H Bergmann,	Dr A A Kroeg,
Capt F W Wagener,	John E Boinest,
Gen Geo D Johnston,	G W Dingle,
John Grimball,	W A Boyle,
Col L DeB McCrady,	J S Mitchell,
Dr A B Rose,	Joseph A Enslow,
A C Kaufman,	Col R C Gilchrist,
George W Egan,	O S Miscally,
Col Charles Kerrison Jr,	Capt H Klatte.
René R Jervy,	George A Wagener,
Hall T McGee,	Reinhard Heisser,
E M Barry,	W P Holmes,
A W Taft,	C O Witte,
Prof A Sachtleben,	Col J B E Sloan,
Major T G Barker,	Hon A T Smythe,
Hon James Simons,	Capt C A McHugh,
Capt K S Tupper,	Col John F Ficken,

J D Cappelmann,
 A H Mowry,
 Col A G Magrath, Jr,
 Capt George H Walter,
 Capt John C Simonds,
 Lieut W T Keogh,
 Maj C B Northrop,
 E Lafitte,
 W G Harvey Sr,
 E S Burnham,
 F J Devereaux,
 C F Schwettmann,
 Col L DuBos,
 Maj W G Eason,
 Maj W H Brawley.
 Capt H L P Bolger,
 Col Jas Armstrong,
 Col S B Pickens,
 Maj Geo W Bell,
 Capt S G Stoney,
 W G Harvey, Jr.,
 Louis J Barbot,
 Hutson Lee,
 Capt Wm Enston Butler.

Col Hugh Ferguson,
 Capt Charles Inglesby,
 Major J H Holmes, Jr,
 Capt F W Jessen,
 Lieut J Lamb Perry,
 Lieut G C Schmetzer,
 Capt John S Horlbeck,
 O F Weiters,
 James Allan,
 H I Greer,
 Samuel Y Tupper,
 F S Rodgers,
 M Triest,
 G L Buist,
 Col E McCrady,
 Major E W Hughes,
 Capt E R White,
 Maj J L Dawson, Jr,
 Maj J C Von Santen,
 Capt W B Foster.
 Edward Anderson,
 Col Jno M Kinloch,
 Capt P Lee Bissell,

SECRETARIES.

John W Ward,
 Theo D Jervev, Jr,
 M D Maguire,
 W H Parker, Jr,
 John C Mehrtens,
 J D Enslow,

Capt Henry Buist,
 Yates Snowden,
 J C Lubs,
 H J McCormack,
 R F Dreyer,
 H V O'Rourke,

I D Hart.

When the foregoing list had been read the gentlemen named were elected by acclamation to their respective positions. The list gives the names of those who were on the stage, with the exception of the reporters for the press. At

the reporters' table on the right were Mr. Shirley C. Hughson, Mr. Yates Snowden, Mr August Kohn and Mr. M. F. Tighe, of the staff of The News and Courier; and Mr. James H. Moore and Mr. Geo. Koester, of the Charleston Daily Sun. At the table on the left were Mr Louis A. Beaty and Mr. Paul M. Brice, staff of the Charleston Daily World.

Mayor Bryan, opening the exercises, requested the Rev. John Johnson to open the exercises with prayer. The prayer of the

REV. JOHN JOHNSON

was as follows:

O Lord God of our salvation, who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea, we adore Thee, the Governor among the nations of the world, the Judge who puttest down one and settest up another. We come before Thy throne this day to humble ourselves as unworthy sinners under Thy mighty hand, to cast our care upon Thee, as weak creatures in our affliction, for Thou art ever to us a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour. O God of Love, let no bitterness rest in our minds while we recall the time when our fathers trusted in Thee and our sons went forth to battle for the right, as it appeared to them. We had prayed for direction; we had sought to put off the evil day; our people's hearts waited not for opportunity; they had learned to put not their trust in princes, they trusted only in Thee. And for four long years Thou didst help them, not in the way of their choosing, but to leave for their posterity a name of honor.

And now that it has pleased Thee in Thy wise providence to take out of this world the leader of our Confederate hopes, whom Thou didst exalt as one chosen out of the people; now, while in the bosom of his loved Southland, they are committing his body to the ground, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," may we lay to our heart the

lessons of public and private disappointment, adversity and bereavement, not forgetting the worm-wood and the gall, which came of Thy sending, to make us suffer and be strong. Thou didst lift us up and cast us down ; but Thou didst not let us be destroyed. May we learn also the lesson of a good example from our former President's patience in tribulation. When the sighing of the prisoner came before Thee, when the iron entered into his soul, Thou didst look upon his affliction and his pain ; Thou didst strengthen him on his bed of languishing. Albeit Thou didst suffer him to pass under the rod, yet Thou restrainedst the strong passions of his captors and gavest him a great deliverance. We thank Thee for Thy tender mercies toward him, for the quiet and the comforts of his declining years, for the grace that enabled him to wait with resignation his appointed time till his change did come.

Grant us, Lord, from such experience, to grow more hopeful of the future of these United States, and of our own part in their national advancement. Help us now, O Lord, according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us. O Lord, send us now prosperity. But most, we need to strive after that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and against that sin, in public and private, which is a reproach to any people. So shall we serve Thee with glad mind, and in abounding peace, giving Thee thanks forever ; and we shall always be showing forth Thy praise from generation to generation, through Jesus Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer, to whom with Thee, O Father, and the Holy Ghost, be glory in the Church, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

The recitation of Father Ryan's celebrated ode, entitled, "The Conquered Banner," now followed. To the

REV. R. N. WELLS, D. D.,

pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, was this prominent part in the programme assigned. Dr. Wells is a polished elocutionist, and he threw all the fervor of his soul into this

reading. Many in the audience were moved by its pathos and beauty.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis *wear*y ;
 Round its staff 'tis drooping, dreary ;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best ;
 For there's not a man to wave it—
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it.
 And its foes now scorn and brave it.
 Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that Banner down. 'Tis tattered ;
 Broken is its staff and shattered ;
 And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
 Oh ! 'tis hard for us to fold it !
 Hard to think there's none to hold it ;
 Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh !

Furl that Banner—Furl it sadly—
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly
 Swore it should forever wave—
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
 Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it ! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low ;
 And that Banner—it is trailing !
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it !
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it !
 Weep for those who fell before it !
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it !
 But, oh ! wildly they deplore it,
 Now, to furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story
 Though its folds are in the dust;
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds, though now we must.

Furl that Banner softly, slowly:
 Furl it gently—it is holy,
 For it droops above the dead.
 Touch it not—unfold it never;
 Let it droop there, *furled* forever
 For its people's *hopes* are dead!

THE RESOLUTIONS.

were then read by

EX-GOVERNOR A. G. MAGRATH,

who introduced them as follows:

The goodly presence of the people of this city, the solemn tolling of the bells, the badges of mourning which hang around all public buildings, the cessation of all secular pursuits, the suspension of all avocations, the gathering together of the old and the young, of men and their wives and daughters, the suppressed breathing of all here assembled, attest the grave and solemn character of the present occasion.

It is to pay a tribute to the dead—a service doing honor to the dead and to the living; to the dead now no longer sensible of a manifestation which was dear to him in life; to those who render it, because from him to whom it is given no response can come. It is their own free will offering.

The admiration and the affection of those with whom he was so closely associated will no longer animate his spirit; no response will he give to those who offer this tribute of their deep-seated affection. But if it can be given to one in that spirit land to retain the feelings akin to humanity, what higher emotion can be connected with this life than

to know that beyond the grave he carries with him the love and affectionate recollection of those with whom he lived; by whom he was trusted and honored; who anxiously watched the expiring flame of life, and tenderly laid him in the grave which forever closed him from the view of those who survive him.

He has left us to join the kindred spirits, who in this life were so dear to him, and so true to those who trusted him and them. He has crossed the river, and is at rest and in peace with those who are now with him on the other side of that river.

Jefferson Davis is dead! In his early life, the gallant soldier; in later years, a Senator in that Senate House, which at that time more than justified the pride of those who felt to be a Senator, in the Senate House of Venice, the supremest honor in life. And he was the recognized peer of the proudest in that body of which he was one. He was the first and last President of the Confederate States of America. For more than four eventful years he was the chief of the Union of the States, which had assumed that designation of their political union. He had charge of the cradle in which the new born political body was placed. He was the faithful watcher who was still by that cradle when life left all that was mortal in it.

He paid the penalty, little short of life, for his devotion to the people who had chosen him for their chief. He, the head of a proud and spirited people, was consigned to the precincts of a dungeon; and, alone and helpless, the irons which confine the felon were fastened on the limbs of one who had ever illustrated the highest quality of chivalry in its proudest day. And his life, as it will be read in later days, touched with that romance which is excited by the perusal of heroic life and sufferings, will incline many a generous and noble-minded youth to emulate his conduct and wish to be like him, even with the same bonds. He kept his faith with the people who trusted him, and their faith will be ever kept with his memory, because he suffered for them, and would do so even to the loss of life. "Greater

love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

No censure can be more unjust than that which, in connection with the secession of some of the States, would stigmatize Jefferson Davis as a conspirator against the rights of any portion of the people of the United States. The right which was asserted, and in that assertion he was by the choice of the people made their chief, was a right which they claimed as belonging to them ; and accepted as a fundamental article in their political faith. They so believed it, and he, with them, also so believed. They believed it was inherent in their recognition as independent States, incorporated with the original articles, and had not been waived by any implication from the purpose to form a more perfect union.

It would be in more than questionable taste to re-open the discussion of that question : if opened at any time or place, this is not the time or the place. And yet it is due to the memory of Jefferson Davis to say that in the opinion of one whose opinion is of recognized authority and opposed to all wars, the civil war in these United States was one of the four that have been considered necessary wars. It is not for us to speculate in such a matter further than to say, it seemed inevitable.

It has been said that Jefferson Davis would have preferred the control of the armies than to be the head of the Civil Government of the Confederacy. Whether such would have been his choice, we know not ; nor can we know whether if that had been his position he could have done more service than the gallant soldiers who followed, amid all trial and suffering, the fortunes of the flag under which they fought.

But in that position which he did accept, it cannot be doubted that his administration of the laws in the exercise of the great power with which he was necessarily clothed was marked by the greatest care and consideration for the people who were under his charge. It has been said of him that when called on to approve a sentence in which the

penalty was death, he ever did so with the most careful consideration, and never without great reluctance.

Yet his sense of duty and the obligation it imposed is not more characteristically exhibited than in the anecdote of his conduct when in the army and ordered to make the arrest of a brother officer, who was the closest of his peers and friends, and who refused to be arrested. He declined to take a guard with him, and went alone. "If," said he, "you refuse to be arrested, dear as we are to each other, I must kill you to enforce the order, or you must kill me to justify me in not taking you back with me."

It matters but little now to consider whether, if the ultimate decision of the question of Secession had been left to Mr. Davis at the time when it was adopted, he would then and under all the circumstances have so resolved. Certain it is that he did not regard it as an issue easily to be decided, or without great trial and suffering, whatever might be the result. In the course of his Congressional service, and specially as the head of the department of war, he knew the great and thoroughly organized forces which could be called into action. It may be that if the responsibility rested on him alone, the great issues involved in the contest would have inclined him to postpone the resort to arms as long as was possible, rather than hastily submit them to the fearful decision of battle. But he felt that the right was with the people, in whose behalf he was then acting, and with that people the sense of what was their right and the considerations which influenced them made conflict irrepressible. He did what he believed to be right, and if it be so that he was mistaken, but of which there is nothing more than random and carping criticism, he vindicated the honesty of his convictions, under suffering scarcely surpassed by the torture of the rack.

No one possessed of the feelings which belong to humanity could have entered the harbor which protects the fortress in which this illustrious prisoner was confined, in manacles, and have felt for him other than the most profound sympathy. He was a lone, sick man. The idea of rescue was

absurd. He was not yet condemned ; he was yet to be tried according to the law of the land, and yet was undergoing the punishment which would follow conviction. And it is here that across this dark and gloomy picture there comes a gleam of light that should not be forgotten.

The highest magistrate, one whose political tendencies were positively adverse to the accused, when called to preside at his trial refused to sit as a Judge, in a place wherein the law of the land was supplied by martial law. Men whose political opinions were adverse to the accused, volunteered for his defence against the charge of treason ; and when the form of a trial was abandoned the sureties required for his deliverance were also they, who had differed with him in the opinions, because of which he was undergoing the sufferings he had to endure.

And so, at last, the severe suffering of the first and last President of the Confederate States, so far as it could be inflicted by human hands and power, came to its close, and he was released from his prison, the chains stricken from the worn and wasted limbs, and he was at his home, in the care of his devoted family, and left for the balance of his life to contemplate the overthrow of his effort to restore in its pristine vigor the great underlying principle of the sovereignty of the States which formed the Federal Union.

Never at any time during the eventful period from the firing at Fort Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox had the people of the seceding States cherished such admiration for their President as when, in his captivity, he was the victim of the power which imposed such sufferings on him. For the people of these States knew and felt that he was suffering for them ; that he was in a dungeon, manacled, shut out from all solace in that weary imprisonment, with the contemplation of death itself before him, because he had been selected to lead them in the contest for their rights—rights which they believed to be theirs, and in which he believed as fixedly as they did. It will be long, if indeed ever again, that the people of these seceding States will be presented in an attitude more full of moral grandeur than

when, amid the ruins of their homes, the waste of their fields, the desolation surrounding them, they forgot their own suffering in the heartfelt sympathy for him who was then, as a victim for them, undergoing such severe punishment.

From the close of the war and after his release Jefferson Davis lived in the peace and quiet of his own home and in the bosom of that family so tenderly, so fondly devoted to him. He, of whom it had been said that he "created a nation," was content to pass the time allotted to him in this life in the contemplation of the vicissitudes of life, above all, the superintending mercy of the Great Disposer of all human affairs. He lived confirmed in the belief of the right and justice of the cause which he had espoused and for the success of which he had so earnestly contended. He had nothing to regret except its failure; and in that he warred not against the decree of an overruling Providence, satisfied for wise and beneficent purposes the supreme rule of life must be accepted, as that which in ways unknown are yet in the ultimate results to be for the good of all.

So lived and so died one whose name will never be forgotten: one whose memory by this people will ever be fondly cherished. Lightly rests on him the mould of earth which hides him forever from our view, and few can there be who will gather around his last resting place with more sorrowing hearts than this day are they now deeply in sorrow moved for the death of the great Chief of our Lost Cause. The crown of the martyr will be preserved when the wreath of the victor will have perished.

Be it, therefore, resolved:

1. That the citizens of Charleston have received with profound sorrow the intelligence of the death of Jefferson Davis. That they will ever cherish with the profoundest recollection the history of a life so remarkable as his. In his early career his devotion to his country in his service in her armies; in later life his devotion to his country in his service in the councils of that country; his identification with the Government in that most important department, that of war, and the recognized value of his services in it; still later

in his life his earnest and untiring advocacy of the principles upon which rested the form of the government under which the States were united ; in the contentions which preceded and marked the progress of the civil war ; his heroic constancy and courage in abiding, at whatever cost, by his convictions of right ; in his suffering as a captive, and the quiet dignity and repose after the severe trials he endured when restored to his home and his family ; his unostentatious faith in the religion he professed ; his continuing sympathy, even to the end of his life, in all that related to the welfare of the people among whom he lived. In all of these he lived with the most profound respect and admiration of those who admired the nobility of his character, and carries with him in death the sorrow and love of those who will ever regard him as a type of the highest qualities of citizen soldier. Christian in his public career, and in his private life as in public life, without fear and without reproach.

2. That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted to the wife and family of the deceased, with the expression of the profound sympathy of the people of Charleston with them in this most sad and sorrowful bereavement.

At the conclusion of the reading of the resolutions,

MAJOR T. G. BARKER.

advanced to the front of the stage, and seconded them.

To those who were not actors in the events of the period from 1860 to 1865, it is almost impossible to present a complete and vivid picture of the revolution by States which was practically inaugurated by the action of the convention of the people of South Carolina, on December 20, 1860.

So much has been done by the war, and since the war, to diminish the Stateship of the States of this Union, and to destroy the ideal of State sovereignty upon which the Government and Constitution of the United States were builded by the fathers of the Republic, that the youth of the present generation can hardly conceive the leading idea, the controlling principle, which was the mainspring of the political movement, resulting in the secession of the Southern States and the establishment of the Southern Confederacy.

Nor can any one who did not live in the days which preceded and followed the formation of the new Union of Southern States, in 1861, grasp a full realization of the absolute transfer of allegiance and patriotic duty which was made by the people of the entire South from the old Union to the new Union of States, known as the Confederate States of America.

And yet without a proper grasp of these ideas and of the history of the eighty years' conflict for the maintenance of the State Rights construction of the United States Constitution as against aggressive consolidation theories and party action, no true understanding of the earnest temper and purposes of the seceding States can be had, and not the faintest conception can be formed of the life and character of Jefferson Davis.

Time will not allow us to do more than glance at the situation, and to extract from the record a few glimpses of those dramatic days to illustrate and to justify the reflections we will suggest to you as appropriate to the sentiment of this memorial day.

The people of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, on the 20th December, 1860, passed the following ordinance:

“ We, the people of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in convention, on the 23rd day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America, and also all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying the amendments of

the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that the union now existing between South Carolina and the other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved."

On the 9th of January the people of Mississippi did likewise. Then followed the State of Florida, on the 11th of January, Alabama on the 11th of January, Georgia on the 19th of January, and so on.

On receiving official notice of the secession of Mississippi, President Davis, then in the United States Senate, delivered his farewell address to that body.

"I rise," he said, "for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the State of Mississippi, by solemn ordinance in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course, my functions terminate here. It has seemed to be proper that I should appear in the Senate and announce that act and to say something, although very little upon it. The occasion does not invite me to go into the argument, and my physical condition does not permit it, yet something would seem to be necessary, on the part of the State I here represent, on an occasion like this. It is known to Senators who have served here that I have for many years advocated as an essential attribute of State sovereignty the right of a State to secede from the Union. If, therefore, I had not believed there was justifiable cause—if I had thought the State was acting without sufficient provocation—still, under my theory of government, I should have felt bound by her action. I, however, may say I think she has justifiable cause, and I approve of her acts. I conferred with the people before that act was taken and counselled them that if they could not remain that they should take the act. I hope none will confound this expression of opinion with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union and disregard the constitutional obligations by nullification. Nullification and secession are, indeed, antagonistic principles. Nullification is the remedy which is to be sought and applied within the

Union against an agent of the United States when the agent has violated constitutional obligations and the State assumes for itself and appeals to other States to support it. But when the States themselves and the people of the State have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the question of secession in its practical application. That great man who now reposes with his fathers, who has been so often arraigned for want of fealty to the Union, advocated the doctrine of nullification because it preserved the Union. It was because of his deep-seated attachment to the Union that Mr. Calhoun advocated the doctrine of nullification, which he claimed would give peace within the limits of the Union, and not disturb it, and only be the means of bringing the agent before the proper tribunal of the State for judgment. Secession belongs to a different class of rights, and is to be justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign. The time has been, and I hope the time will come again, when a better appreciation of our Union will prevent anyone denying that each State is a sovereign in its own right. Therefore I say I concur in the act of my State and feel bound by it. * * * * *

We have proclaimed our independence. This is done with no hostility or any desire to injure any section of the country, nor even for our pecuniary benefit, but from the high and solid foundation of defending and protecting the rights we inherited and transmitting them unshorn to our posterity."

In her ordinance the State of Alabama had invited the other Southern States to send delegates to a convention to meet in Montgomery on the 4th February.

The first work of the Convention of States at Montgomery was the adoption of a provisional constitution for the new Confederacy, which was done on the 8th February.

The next work (on the 9th February) was the unanimous choice of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as President, and Alexander H Stephens, of Georgia, as Vice-President.

Thus it was, that, at the very inception of their movement to a new Union and an independent nationality, the Southern States turned to Jefferson Davis, at once, as their chosen leader and as the conspicuous exponent of their principles.

And now let us see, how Mr. Davis comprehended those principles, and with what steadfast consistency he interpreted the action of the States of the South.

On June 20th, 1885, Mr. Davis writes to the Jackson (Miss.) Clarion, as follows :

“From the statement in regard to Fort Sumter, a child might suppose that a foreign army had attacked the United States—certainly could not learn that the State of South Carolina was merely seeking possession of a fort on her own soil, and claiming that her grant of the site had become void. When the sovereign independent States of America formed a constitutional compact of union, it was provided in the 6th Article thereof that the officers of the United States and of the several States shall be bound by oath or affirmation, (as the case may be) to support the Constitution; and by the law of June 1, 1789, the form of the required oath was prescribed as follows: ‘I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States.’ That was the oath. The obligation was to support the Constitution. It created no new obligation, for the citizen already owed allegiance to his respective State, and through her to the Union of States, of which she was a member. The conclusion is unavoidable that those who did not support, but did violate, the Constitution were they who broke their official oaths. The General Government had only the powers delegated to it by the States. The power to coerce a State was not given but emphatically refused. Therefore to invade a State, to overthrow its government by force of arms, was a palpable violation of the Constitution which officers had sworn to support, and thus to levy war against States which the Federal officers claimed to be still in the Union was the treason defined in the 3rd Section of the 3rd Article of the Constitution, the only treason recognized by the fundamental law of the United States.”

Such was the answer which, after the war had long ended, Jefferson Davis in defence of Lee and Jackson, and Albert Sydney Johnson, and the other Southern officers of the old army, who had resigned their commissions, and obeyed the mandate of their respective States, gave back to the slur, attempted to be cast upon them by the followers of those officers of that army, who obeyed Abraham Lincoln and invaded the South.

When, in the early days of the Confederacy, Kentucky was invaded by the United States army, and her people prevented from acting for themselves on the question of secession, friends of Mr. Davis urged him to send troops into Kentucky, there to support the friends of the Southern States, and to prevent the United States Government from intimidating the Legislature and people of that State. In reply, Mr. Davis said: "I will not do such violence to the rights of the State." Referring to this matter after the war had ended, when, in view of the failure of the Confederate cause and the loss of Kentucky to the Southern States, a regret that he had not sent troops in 1861 to uphold the Secessionists in Kentucky might well have been pardoned. Mr. Davis in 1884, writes to Dr. Garnett, his personal friend and family physician, who had united with others in urging the above action upon Mr. Davis, thus:

"My answer, as correctly stated by you, shows that my decision was not based on expediency, and however reluctant I may have been to reject the advice of yourself and other friends, in whose judgment and sincerity I had implicit confidence, I could not, for all the considerations involved, disregard the limitations of our Constitution and violate the cardinal principles which had been the guiding star of my political life."

The venerable editor of the Richmond Enquirer, Mr. Nat. Tyler, writes to Mr. Davis in January, 1885:

"I have always believed if you had assumed absolute power, shot deserters and hung traitors, seized supplies and brought to the front every man capable of bearing arms, that a different result of the war might have been obtained.

But your very sensitive respect for Constitution and law, for the rights and sovereignty of States, is attested by the fact that the wildest license was allowed to the press, and that, 'right under your nose,' to use Mr. Stephens' expression, the Examiner daily expressed sentiments of opposition to your measures which, if any newspaper in the United States had dared to publish against Mr. Lincoln's recommendations, its editor would have been promptly imprisoned. By any comparison that can be made between your administration and that of President Lincoln, history will award you far more respect for the essential features of personal liberty, for deference paid to State authority, and for respect shown for constitutional restraint."

In August, 1886, the Rev. J. Wm. Jones, the able and enthusiastic secretary of the Southern Historical Society, visited Mr. Davis at Beauvoir, Mississippi, and there reports of him: "He talked freely and in the most interesting manner of the causes, progress and results of the war, and, while fully accepting the logical results, he seems profoundly anxious that our children should be taught the truth, and that our people should not forget or ignore the great fundamental principles for which we fought. As for allowing the war to be called 'The Rebellion' and our Confederate people 'Rebels,' he heartily repudiated and condemned it. 'A sovereign cannot rebel,' he said, 'and sovereign States could not be in rebellion. You might as well say Germany rebelled against France, or that France, (as she was beaten in the contest) rebelled against Germany.' He said that once in the hurry of writing he had spoken of it as 'the civil war,' but had never used that misnomer again.'

We stand to-day by the re-opened grave of the Southern Confederacy in which we buried, a quarter of a century ago, all that remained of the glorious hopes which for a period of four heroic years had ennobled and exalted a nation of eight million people. In spirit we attend the freshly opened grave, at this solemn hour, waiting to receive the earthly

remains of one who was the longest and to his very latest breath the truest friend of the Confederate South. To-day, and at this hour the last wail of a grief-stricken people, the last sob of a pent up agony, goes forth from the hearts of a nation that once was, and now is no more—forever.

What mortal man, gifted though he be with the powers of eloquence divine, can hope to rise in utterance to the grandeur and the height of the feeling which inspires the hearts that at this hour grieve such grief, and which throb with an agony of bereavement so bereft. It seems to me that there is but one warrant for the presumption which would make one attempt to utter the sentiment of the hour; the warrant that comes from the share which the speaker has had in the hopes that filled the hearts of his countrymen during those four grand years of trial, and the share which he had in the grief which came with the destruction of those hopes in the sudden and eternal death of the nation upon whose future his fondest aspirations had hung. By virtue of such warrant alone I venture to address those who have assembled here to-day, consenting as you here consent, to tear off once more, and for the last time, the scab which had closed over the bleeding wounds of 1865, and to let the stream of woe flow afresh from your hearts, poured out as a sacred libation upon the bier of President Davis.

What a flood of association overpowers us in the reminiscence of those once familiar words, "President Davis!" How they carry us back away "from all the commonplace chaff of life," from the ignoble atmosphere of "time-servers and self-seekers" to the glorious days of our struggle for an independent national existence, and of our contest for those principles of State sovereignty and constitutional government, of which Jefferson Davis will live in history as the foremost and most uncompromising champion!

We all feel to-day, awakened in our hearts by the fact of his death, one prevailing sentiment of gratitude that such a leader—one so high in moral greatness, so grand in dignity of character, so pure in lofty conception of duty, so loyal to the faith to which he had pledged himself, so brave, so

great, so true—was our leader and our President; and that he will, as the type of our Southern civilization, as the incarnation of the principles of constitutional liberty, ever live in history as the noble and unsullied representative of our Southern Confederacy.

Well may we afford, in the presence of this thought, to pass by with contempt the petty malice of those who would malign his memory, and seek to brand with the name of treason that cause to which he gave his life's best service and for which he encountered martyrdom itself. We know that our cause is forever lost, that no Southern Confederacy will ever again exist, that henceforth we ourselves, and those who live after us in the South, will give our fortunes and our lives, if need be, to the defence of the Government of the United States, and that the flag of the Union will find no truer guardians than the sons of the South will be of its safety and glory; but we also know that the Southern doctrine of the reserved rights of the States, and the independent sovereignty of each, within the Union, properly enforced, will yet be acknowledged by our very revilers themselves as the most important principle of American liberty, and as the only safeguard to this Republic against the opposing principles of consolidation. We may also believe and know that when the calm judgment of history comes to take the place of sectional prejudice and party bitterness, the work of those who fought for the Southern Confederacy will be adjudged to be not in vain, but will be considered, by all true supporters of the United States Constitution as the most timely and valuable protest which has been ever recorded against the encroachment of those who would, by obliterating the States, convert a government of States into a gigantic tyranny. And when that day shall come we can even foretell with confidence that the fidelity of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, to the principles of State rights and State sovereignty will be taught, to the descendants of those who now seek to spit upon his fame, as an example for all to imitate, who understand and appreciate the principles of government

which are crystalized in the Constitution of the United States.

Let the petty malice of to-day then pass by us unnoticed and unregarded, and let us cast our prophetic vision into that future when Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, will be held up to the youth of the whole of this great Republic as a man and a statesman worthy of the reverence of mankind by the side of William, Prince of Orange, and of George Washington, President of the United States of America.

The next speaker was

GEN. B. H. RUTLEDGE,

who spoke as follows :

The death of Jefferson Davis, although not unexpected, came like a shock. It awoke memories of pride and anguish, of joy and of sorrow, of glory and of disaster, which seldom occur even in the history of a nation. Generations live, fulfill their destiny and pass away, without even conceiving the intensity of passion and patriotism that characterized the eventful period during which Mr. Davis stood at the helm and directed the stormy course of the Southern Confederacy. He attended its birth; he presided over its brief but glorious career, and he saw it fall, "never to rise again." His devotion to that cause was supreme. His faith in it never faltered. Crushing disaster, followed by cruel personal oppression, failed ever to extract from him one act or one expression that could impair the dignity of his position, or wound the sensibilities of the proud and gallant people of whom he was the typical representative. He was faithful to his principles; faithful to his people;

brave, true, patriotic—from the beginning to the end, without fear and without reproach. Mr Davis was a hero.

Words, however eloquent, if intended as a eulogy of such a man, are vain. His life and his deeds are monuments to him more lasting than brass. The civilized world knew what he was and what he did, and history will claim him for all time as a type and an example. The object of such manifestations as the present is simply to show the veneration which we all feel for his character and for his services.

Mr. Davis was a many-sided man. He was a statesman, a man of letters, an orator and a soldier. I propose to say a few words of him as a soldier. He was a cadet of the Military Academy of the United States. He graduated at West Point in 1828. Very shortly after, in 1831 and 1832, he participated in the Indian war, known as the Black Hawk War, as a lieutenant of infantry, and distinguished himself. Subsequently he was promoted, transferred to the dragoons, and took part in many affairs with the Comanches, Pawnees and other Indian tribes. He remained in the army for some seven years, resigned, and became a planter in Mississippi.

In 1845 he was sent to Congress, and in 1846 (the Mexican war having broken out,) relinquished his place to take command of 1st Mississippi Volunteers. In this war he again distinguished himself, especially at the storming of Monterey and the battle of Buena Vista. It was in this last combat that, being attacked by a large force of Mexican cavalry, he performed the feat so often spoken of—he threw his regiment into a V shape, the open side towards the charging horsemen. The cavalry were destroyed by the cross-fire. The situation was perilous, and its success pays the highest tribute both to the troops and the commander. The term of enlistment of his regiment having expired in 1847, he was tendered a commission of brigadier general of volunteers by President Polk; but he declined it on the ground that such appointments belonged to the States; and that an appointment by the Federal Executive was a violation of the constitutional rights of States. Ambitious of

military distinction as he was, he refused to accept it at the expense of his principles.

In 1853 President Pierce appointed him Secretary of War. His administration of this department was exceptionally efficient. It was during his term of office that the long-rangé rifle, (an invention which has exerted a great influence upon the practice of modern warfare,) and the system of rifle tactics were introduced into our army. As head of the war office he enjoys the high repute of having had few equals and no superior.

As President of the Southern Confederacy, although constitutionally commander-in-chief of the army, his official duties withdrew him from the actual command of armies in the field. He proclaimed his readiness, however, at any time, if his services should be so required, to relinquish the position and assume charge of our army. Such a contingency did not occur. He was indispensable where he was. There can be no doubt, however, of his capacity to direct grand military operations. He was a soldier by education, by experience, by instinct.

His moral qualities were of the kind of which great soldiers are made. He was brave, of iron will, fixed in purpose, capable of large conceptions, and possessed of a moral fortitude which both disregarded and dominated popular clamor. A man with such qualities is framed by nature, if opportunity offers, for majestic achievement, whether in the Cabinet or on the field.

The renowned chief of the Confederacy, his destiny in this world completed, has left us forever; but he has left us also this consolation, that in honor, courage, fortitude and inflexible adherence to principle, in the most trying circumstances, he embodied and displayed to the world the best characteristics of the people whom he loved and served.

Gen. Rutledge was followed by

DR. W. T. THOMPSON,

of the First Presbyterian Church. Dr. Thompson spoke as follows:

Mr. President and my Fellow-countrymen: We would have been false to all of the high and generous sentiments that give nobility to manhood, false to the glory-crowned, imperishable history of the dead Confederacy, false to the radiant, untarnished memory of the countless patriot martyrs, who, at the behest of duty, went grandly down to death amidst the smoke of battle, false to a just appreciation of exalted character, basely, criminally false to ourselves, had we not profoundly felt the sad intelligence that flashed across our Southland on last Friday morning, or had we not as by a common impulse assembled here to-day to give expression to our sorrow that Jefferson Davis is no more.

It is a privilege to be the humblest member of this vast gathering; it is a distinguished honor to have been assigned a prominent part in the solemn exercises in which we are engaged.

No series of resolutions, however exquisitely elaborated by cultivated genius; no oration, however faultless in its rhetoric or impassioned in its eloquence; no requiem, however majestic in its numbers or thrilling in its pathos, would be complete that made no allusion to the religious convictions of Mr. Davis. Here, at least, criticism is disarmed, and here we touch the secret of that symmetrical, stirling and unbending character, which has constrained the reluctant admiration of his enemies, and has bound to him, "as with hooks of steel," the lasting veneration of his countrymen.

Mr. Davis believed in God. He lived "as seeing Him who is invisible." He was an avowed, earnest follower of the wonderful Galilean, Son of Mary, Son of God. He feared nothing beneath the stars but His displeasure, and this faith, like a supernaturally skillful artist dealing with the royal endowments that were his by nature, made of him a soldier without vain glory, a politician without demagoguery, a states-

man without dissimulation, a philosopher without sophisms, a quasi exile without weak repining, and a devout Christian without bigotry or ostentation.

He was controlled by divinely promulgated truths, not by caprice or sordid interest. His aim in every circumstance was duty, not distinction.

“Three roots bear up dominion, knowledge, will,
 These two are strong, but stronger yet the third,
 Obedience ; 'tis the great tap root, which still
 Knit round the rock of duty, is not stirred,
 Though storm and tempest spend their utmost skill ”

Hence many honors became his suitors and he honored honors when he accepted them ; and when adversity with iron hand shattered the Government and disbanded the heroic armies of which he was the head ; when manacles were forced upon him, not his, but theirs, the shame who perpetrated such atrocity ; when bitter detraction followed him for years and bitterer still, when friends assailed him with reproaches, like those imposing columns which mark the site of ancient Karnak, he stood imperial amidst the desolation that was his, a towering rebuke to the vandalism that essayed his ruin.

His religious convictions superbly sustained the strain of every trial, and flowered in those illustrious virtues that shall adorn forever the tragic story of our struggle and defeat.

In his unswerving fidelity to the principles, the motives, the honor of “The Lost Cause,” and to the self-sacrificing devotion of our “Boys in Gray,” he has displayed a spirit deserving the tribute of our perpetual gratitude, he has furnished an example it is our sacred obligation to transmit to all future generations.

Yielding to the resistless might of overwhelming odds, the Confederacy, shrouded in deathless splendor, has passed into the great supulchre of extinct nations ; but it has bequeathed a heritage that is a priceless benediction in the name and fame of men like Davis, Jackson, Lee—names that magnificently illustrate the true grandeur of humanity.

Base is the Southern heart that will not cherish them. Insensible is the nature in which they do not kindle better thoughts and purer aspirations.

Forget them? Never! With affectionate enthusiasm we will teach them to our children's children, and will sentinel their sleeping dust with granite shafts that,

"Holy spires, will point like Gospel truths through
Calm and storm to man's great home."

The next speaker was

GEN. EDWARD M'CRADY,

who had arrived in the city the previous night from Columbia, where he is in attendance on the Legislature.

A most remarkable scene is presented to-day throughout this Southern land. From every town and steeple the bells are tolling; on every common minute guns are heard as the people are flocking to church and hall with solemn ceremonies to join in spirit the ritual of the dead, while in the great city by the Gulf the body of one is committed "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

What means this? asks the stranger within our gates. Who is this for whom a whole people mourn and weep? What shall we reply? Shall we answer by telling him what the dead was when he died? A political outcast without citizenship? Why, then, does "every one mourn that dwelleth herein?" We answer, we mourn for one who was an outcast for our cause; one who, for the sake of his people, and for his land, was without citizenship or country.

We mourn to-day for Jefferson Davis, the head and chief of that government for which the Southern people, following the example of the American Colonies in 1775, and in pursuance of the principles then announced, and in accord-

ance with the rights reserved in 1787, endeavored to set up and establish a government for which we lavished oceans of blood and millions of treasure—a government which inspired the noblest patriotism, and called forth the most heroic service. “We watched by its cradle; we followed its bier,” and now we gather together throughout this broad land of the Southern States to bury him, under whose lead and direction some of us, who still survive, marched and fought and bled.

“We come to bury Caesar, not to praise him,” nor to defend that cause of which he was the representative. We must leave all this to history, but let us throughout this land of which he was the ruler, join to-day to do honor and homage to his memory. Let us bury him, but take away with us from his grave the principles which he so nobly illustrated. Let us remember and imitate his devotion to duty—his heroic consistency—his calm dignity.

“They never fail
Who die in a great cause.”

Nor will the people of the South fail unless, unworthy of their past history, they forget to honor those who at their behests assumed the responsibility of leadership, and who for their sakes have suffered and endured.

Mr. Davis was the personal representative of the Southern people and of their cause. When arms had accomplished all their dire work, and the physical power of the country was exhausted, in the person of Mr. Davis, the whole question of the rightfulness of the cause was again opened. Was he a traitor? or a patriot? Was he a rebel? or was he the rightful head of a people who had but exercised their sovereignty in setting up his government? All the blood shed could not wash away or drown out these questions as matters of right and wrong, and so after all the triumphs of victory, the Government of the United States was again confronted with the question: Was the doctrine which New England had held, and which John Quincy Adams had announced as the rightful remedy of Massachusetts to exer-

cise in case of the annexation of Texas, treason? How could Mr. Davis be convicted of treason for taking part in an attempt to dissolve the Union, when Mr. Adams, who had been a President of the United States, had introduced, in Congress, a petition for its dissolution, and in his place in the House of Representatives had moved its reference to a special committee. Mr. Davis was released, and the question as one of right avoided by the Court, and was left as the sword left it, where it fell.

In all this momentous crisis Mr. Davis bore himself with the courage and simple dignity of a Southern gentleman. He never forgot that he had borne a kingly office, and though in prison and in chains was still the representative of millions of noble and loyal people. We can never sufficiently thank him that in his cell he still held high, and raised still higher, the nobility of his people.

Let us, then, from this old historic city, within sight of Sumter's crumbling walls, the first scene in the drama of the civil war, in which Mr. Davis was so conspicuous, join at this time in committing his body to the grave with honor, and in doing reverence to the nobility of his character, and the heroism of his conduct.

REV. R. C. HOLLAND,

of the Wentworth Street Lutheran Church, followed, delivering the following address on the subject of Jefferson Davis in the domestic circle.

Could I have anticipated that I should be honored, as I am to-day, to participate in these memorial services, and to stand in this place to second resolutions touching the domestic virtues of our beloved and honored chief, the Ex-President of the Confederacy, I should have fulfilled the ardent desire

of my heart and have made a visit to Beauvoir, that I might bring you some memento from off that altar in the home. Denied that privilege I can simply share with you that which is our common heritage, and matter of common history, viz, that our illustrious Ex-President was resplendent also in the home circle, here as elsewhere, a courtly gentleman, a noble, chivalrous knight.

However well acquainted one might be with the delicate courtesies and amenities of that domestic circle, it would not perhaps be in full harmony with the reverential feelings of this hour to draw that curtain with other than gentlest hand, nor to look in with other eyes than those dimmed by sympathetic tears. There are shrines fitly veiled from curious gaze—shrines hallowed by the heart's sincerest devotion; shrines consecrated by tenderest thought, most sacred vows, love's sweetest ministrations and the incense of pledged affection. You will pardon us, therefore, if we shall stand at reverential distance, nor intrude beyond the outer court.

The tears that to-day are most sacred are the tears that bedew that domestic altar. The memories most sacred to-day are the memories which are supplying the fountain of the grief of widowhood and orphanage, viz, the memories that cluster in cumulative beauty about that shrine where but recently bowed in Christian and loving devotion the knightly form of the husband and father now lying cold in death. To-day we would pay profoundest respect to those tears, and honor those memories too sacred to utter, and with bowed head and chastened affection would silently, tenderly entwine our garlands of choicest flowers about that vacant chair in token of our regard for that higher chivalry which shone with peculiar resplendency in the hallowed circle of the home.

Knightly in the field, knightly in the forum, knightly in victory and defeat, a true man, he was knightliest here. He was gentle as he was brave, and as courtly in the tender offices of affection as he was princely and undaunted amid the disasters of war. That fidelity to sacred trust, and that lofty integrity which stamped his whole career with a cer-

tain grandeur and dignity, abide with him in unwonted fullness in the most sacred of all earthly relations: and here, untouched and invulnerable by the cruelest shafts of unreasoning malice, he stands before the world unimpeached, an example and an inspiration to every Southern youth.

But have we not something more left unto us than "a magnificent memory?" The great Southern heart is touched to-day. It is moved by the picture of the widow and orphan in tears. Oh, how this Southern heart would bound, exultant even amid its grief, if it could lay upon that domestic shrine offerings more substantial than garlands of eulogy or tears of sympathy! This morning's paper brings us the word of cheer, and reveals our opportunity. The heart that throbs to-day throughout the Southland thrills with a chivalry that is ready to pledge protection and sacred guardianship of that altar whose high priest has just "passed over the river to rest," with Jackson and Lee, "under the shade of the trées."

The next speaker was

COL. HENRY E. YOUNG.

A people, not a nation, at the grave of its former leader and chief, pays to-day its tribute to his worth. Here are all the marks of love and esteem, affection and veneration for one whose high and noble qualities success could not mar nor defeat and misfortune do aught than make them more conspicuous and clear. In the hour of her bitterest woe, a defeated, overwhelmed and impoverished South, looking upon her two highest leaders—typical Southerners—knew that if all else was lost, still honor and character were not.

We are not here to mourn Mr. Davis. We cannot mourn that our former leader at his ripe age has been removed

from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and is now beyond the reach of the ills of life. He has earned his rest—the rest that "remaineth for the people of God," and, so far as he is concerned, how can we regret the death that to him is gain. For ourselves we mourn—mourn that the voice, always ready to vindicate the cause he and we loved so well and which so ably defended it from the false aspersions of treason, is silenced; that the living example of a life devoted to duty and of heroic endurance and patient suffering is taken from us; that the last great link which bound us to the Confederacy, for which a whole people fought as long as hope was possible, is broken; but we do not mourn for him.

Others who have gone before me have spoken, and spoken so well that repetition on my part were useless, of Mr. Davis as a soldier and statesman. In fact, with the pictures of the past brought before us as vividly as they have been in the last few days, it is impossible to mention Mr. Davis's name without associating with it high positions well filled and duties faithfully discharged.

But all this has passed into the realm of history and it is much too early for us to say to what place Mr. Davis will be assigned as a statesman and soldier.

History, inexorable in its judgments, and which never contents itself with mere promise, or even faithfully discharged duties, may not give him the position to which our love now assigns him. But there are things which will never be taken from him—his absolutely pure and lofty character, his absolute conscientiousness, his absolute devotion to truth and principle, his unswerving adherence to right.

No man is perfect, but in Mr. Davis's character as a citizen and man it will be difficult to find flaws.

Educated for the army, he graduated with distinction and soon won for himself a name and promotion in the only wars of the day. Resigning early from a career which then seemed to promise little to one of his active mind and great energy, he turned to the quiet and retired life of a planter.

But his neighbors did not suffer him to remain very long apart from public affairs, and two years after, coming before the people, he was taken from the Legislature of his State, and began his national career in the House of Representatives at Washington. Prominent there and active in the measures that led to the acquisition of Texas and the consequent war with Mexico, he resigned his seat to take command of a regiment which Mississippi sent to that war.

It would be an injustice to the many brave men of his State to attribute to Davis alone the winning of the word which has always gone with the Mississippi soldiers. But nowhere did her men do more to win the name of "gallant," than under the lead of Col. Davis, at Monterey and Buena Vista. With the battle setting against the Americans at this latter place, Davis, with his regiment and a handful of Indianians, charged at the double-quick and drove the enemy from their first position. Still advancing, under a storm of shell and shot and losing men rapidly, he attacked a second and the commanding position of the enemy and again dislodged them. To regain it, the enemy sent their cavalry against his little band, but in vain. Then came the picked men of Mexico, the brigade of lancers, and Davis, seeing his little force reduced, made his celebrated V movement, and receiving the charge of lancers with his fire thus concentrated, drove them from the field with many an empty saddle. His men, in action all day and reduced in numbers, were exhausted with hunger and thirst. But again the order came to charge a large body of Mexicans forming on the flank for a final attack. Without hesitation he obeyed, and the day was won. In this charge, though wounded painfully, he refused to leave the field.

"Gallant Mississippians" there were before these men, "gallant Mississippians" there have been many a time since and will be, but these men won that adjective as the peculiar property of their State.

Returning to his State after the war, Mr. Davis was soon sent to the Senate of the United States, and hardly ever till

the end of the Confederacy ceased to do service to the country, whether in his own State, the Senate, or in the Cabinet, in all doing his entire duty so as to compel even from a bitter opponent the statement that; he "advanced his department in dignity and importance."

From this brilliant career he entered on the stern and arduous duties of the Chief of the Confederacy, and as by its early victories he was not elated; so in the disasters of its closing years he never flinched nor swerved from his duties, nor lost his dignity when reduced from a nation's pride to a "man without a country." In all those trying times there is no act of his which brings the slightest tinge to the cheek of the Confederate, nor lessens the sympathy of the world. All was honorable, high, lofty and pure. Clanking chains and cruel manacles brought no disgrace to him.

For nearly the age of a generation he has been consigned to inactivity in public affairs. But if he could not lead his people, he could defend them from the false and dishonoring charge of treason. Neither failing health nor physical weakness could stop his labors for his loved South, and it is not much to predict that when history frees its people from the charge of treason the verdict will be due in great part to Mr. Davis's clear and luminous exposition of the case.

The war of the Confederacy may have been a mere Balaklava charge for self-government. The South may have been blind in entering upon it—may have misjudged the mighty forces of the world which were working against it. It was wrong in dreaming that a written Constitution and historical truth would weigh a feather's weight as against the mighty impulse of a people fast growing into a nation. It has failed absolutely, and, so far as human foresight can peer into the future, forever. But on the blood-stained, shot-torn Stars and Bars of the Confederacy there rests no stain—no dishonor—no falsehood—no treason.

To the end of time the world will count it a gain, beyond the loss and slaughter and sorrows of those four years, that humanity can claim as its own such men as Davis, Lee,

Jackson, Sydney Johnson, Stuart and the noble and true men who, whether as leaders or privates, were their companions in glory and misfortune.

The next and final speaker was

MR. J. P. K. BRYAN.

My Fellow-citizens: I feel that in this presence, and after the words that have fallen from the lips of an older generation, I could well be silent. My heart tells me that when this day and its mournful memories are to be celebrated the words fitly spoken should be from the tongues of these revered veterans of the past around me, whose genius and courage and statesmanship even as it illumined the perils of war, and the darkness of war's defeat, so also in later years have been the chief source of the renewed life and hope and blessing to this people. These personal actors in the past are the most faithful interpreters of their comrades and their long ago chieftain, and the truest witnesses to that past.

But there is a profound meaning in these memories to us also of the younger generation, who, like myself, were in early childhood startled by the first gun of the war booming over these waters, or, like myself, still in early youth a witness to the last sad scenes in this beleaguered city. For we are born on this soil. Its life is our life, its history is our history and its memories our memories. The history of a people is indeed, like the memory of an individual, the source of its highest spiritual and moral life, and only expires to that people, as to man, when the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken and the spirit returns to God who gave it. This is the birthright and heritage of every people, and as our life, our history, in short, our

memories are high and pure and noble, as they are of exalted mind and lofty character, tender heart, heroic courage and deathless valor, so is the inspiration of our children.

It is thus that beyond the personal grief and sorrow for the dead this day, this manifestation of a whole people is the genius and soul of the South, paying reverence and tribute to the personal truth and the high faith and proud valor of its own past—gone forever in one sense, but still sacred and immortal as the soul and genius of a people, survives its direst defeats. It is in this sense that the young men of this generation, with faces turned to the morning and confident of the greater destiny that awaits the coming of their eager feet, would yet pause this day, and with you gather round the bier of the chief civil representative of the South in that long-ago struggle when to her in her trial he was "The pillar of a people's hope."

It is in the same sense, seeking the truth of history, that we listen to the faithful portrayal of his life as student, citizen, soldier, planter, statesman and Cabinet minister, in the old Union, and the civil Chief of the Southern Confederacy, and in its fall, even in peace, as the prisoner of war, and thereafter as the old man writing its story in his long old age. It is with eager listening, as if of their own past, they learn of his brilliant mind, in his youth a leader in the great military school of his country: disciplining his life for years on the Indian frontier, where Washington learned the art of war; again heroic in the Mexican war as colonel of volunteers in the stormful charge at Monterey, a day of unfading lustre for his country's arms; or again declining the rank of brigadier general conferred by his grateful country, preferring the State's proud title of colonel of volunteers; again as the Southern planter, in peace, in the long years of his student life in manhood, in the repose and quiet of his Southern home, thence emerging fully equipped for the hot political contests, in his State in debate meeting the giants of his day—even the mighty Prentiss—and carrying his State before him in the great struggle of his time; again her acknowledged leader, representing her in

the councils of the Union, as Senator, and for years a peer among his peers in that lofty forum, becoming in Pierce's Cabinet, Secretary of War of the United States, and there, in the judgment of friend and foe, making an impression that now remains upon this country. Then they hear it was to such a man, with such a past in this great country, the South, in its hope of a new country, entrusted its leadership—it was such a man, so equipped, who gave to the South in the herculean and impossible task all the devotion and energy of his life, and yet with all the now historic genius of great generals and all the valor of the bravest armies for four years, fought the most brilliant but hopeless war the world ever knew, and which ended in the final disaster that under the fearful odds was the inevitable doom. And in all that unparalleled and unequal struggle they see him, though at first, like Lee and Stephens, unwilling for the arbitrament of war upon the question debated in a thousand forums, yet when in the great argument of the century the appeal to the sword was finally made, steadfast and devoted to the Southern cause was he

“ Whose brow and breast were calm,
While yet the battle lay with God.”

And when the stern decree of Heaven came, and his Southern comrades, leaders in forum and field, and all the great armies in high and solemn parole returned to works and ways of peace, to work out in a higher faith and courage this new and marvellous destiny of the South, they see him for two long years a weary prisoner of war; him alone the sole accused for his act in common with millions of his countrymen. They behold him, for a generation and to his dying day, alone of Southern men or his comrade leaders, denied in part the privileges of citizenship in the renewed peace and growing prosperity and fraternity of a restored Union—but yet, even then, giving all that was left of his life and spirit to his exposition of the cause of the South, and in his failing strength receiving the reverence and

affection of the people of the Southland in their wonderful inspiring restoration, as a crown of blessing to his old age.

And passing to the sanctity of his private life, they see another unfading picture. It is of a Southern home where as husband and father, a loving, wise and watchful spirit ruled; graced and guarded by gentle, devoted and strong womanhood: typical in its generosity and hospitality: founded in its sincerity and purity in the strong virtues of the Southern character, and nurtured, as it is now solaced, by the love of God.

And in the peace of this Southern home, in the ripe fullness of fourscore years and in the blessedness of a Christian hope, the tragic life went out! And to that same bedside turned the Southern people in sorrow, and this day witnesses a funeral pageant throughout the South that has come to no uncrowned king in history. It is, my countrymen, the soul and genius of this people, doing honor to its dead, as to its own sacred host. For even as the South cherishes the memory of the knightly soul and military genius of Lee, and still kindles at the martial inspiration of the grave and majestic Jackson, which are a part, this day, of the heritage of the American people; aye, honored by mankind—even so, for the high qualities, the constancy and devotion and fortitude, of their civil chieftain and comrade in that mighty struggle, the South this day gathers in reverence and universal tribute.

And so, in the same spirit the South would garner, even from the beginning, all the wisdom and power of its statesmanship and the glory of its arms, all the fair and nascent bloom of its literature, all the light and fervor of its poetry, and the passion of its song, all of its fateful history, all of the heroism of man, and faith and devotion of woman, and as a part of its life, and the life of the American people, lay it all upon the altar of history, in its own honor and the honor of its children, and for the just fame of its dead, and for the full, fair judgment of mankind. And when I say, garner it all, for this full, fierce light of truth, across the prejudice and

passion of the time, I mean gather it all, and altogether, with no reference to political creed or act, for in its glory the South has been, and is, a

“Land where, girt with friend or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will.”

And no nobler tribute has ever been paid to mortal man than on this very soil this people have paid in the tolerance of political opinion, and the adoration of heroic manhood by friend and foe, as witness those splendid eulogies that were pronounced over our own Petigru by his personal friends and political opponents, and that, too, in March, 1863, when on the very question of that difference, for which “he withstood his people for his country,” the Federal guns were even then thundering at the gates of this besieged city, drowning the echoes of those noble orations that came from full hearts in undying honor of the orator, jurist and patriot, the lion-hearted, heroic man.

That scene is without parallel in history. It is sacred to us forever as the lofty spirit of our fathers in generous reverence and honor, irrespective of political creed, of men of heroic mould and iron nerve, true to conviction and duty as God gave them light to see it, and “to true occasion true.”

Thus have our fathers consecrated for us, in their honor of free opinion, the priceless heritage of a valiant and free people. For,

“What know we greater than the soul?”

And in this same spirit we confide to the just reverence of the future the mighty actors in the past.

The last words of the dead statesman to the Southern people were:

“The best hope for a restoration in the future to the pristine purity and fraternity of the Union rest in the opinions and characters of the men who are to succeed this generation.”

That was his hope. And this may be the trust of the South this day, relying on the truth-loving genius of the

American people in a perfect union to do honor and reverence finally, where honor and reverence are due to statesmanship, valor, devotion to duty and knightly heroism wherever, on this soil, the mind and the heart of this people has signally illustrated them. That all Americans in reading their country's story may read in truth all of its pages, and whenever the heroic man, true to duty and loyal to a people's trust, shall shine forth that all his countrymen may join in this reverent tribute which to-day is the great world's true measure of great men.

“Not once or twice in this our country's story
The path of duty is the way to glory ;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self. * * * * *

“He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty sealed
Are close upon the shining table lands,
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
Such was he—his work is done,
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
"Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.”

THE BENEDICTION.

At the conclusion of the speaking President George D. Bryan rose, and, in a few brief remarks, put the resolutions to a vote. A rising vote was taken and the vast audience, men, women and children, rose to its feet in endorsement of the sentiments which had been so eloquently expressed.

After the faultless and pathetic rendition of “Nearer my God to Thee” by the orchestra, the benediction was impressively pronounced by the

RIGHT REV. H. P. NORTHROP, BISHOP OF CHARLESTON,
and the immense assembly slowly melted away.

After the services were concluded many persons in the audience, including a great number of ladies, went upon the stage to secure souvenirs of the occasion, and in a few minutes almost every one had secured a rosebud, a bit of green, or a Palmetto leaf, which will in after years be cherished as mementoes of the time when all Charleston mourned the death of the last and greatest of all the Confederate braves.

During the meeting, lasting as it did for hours, a solemn silence prevailed through the house save when some eloquent or pathetic allusion to the character of the dead President, or to the old principles for which the South fought so bravely, brought forth murmurs of applause which at times swelled into storms of approval.

MEMORIAL NOTES.

The Hon. G. L. Buist, State Senator, was formally invited to be one of the speakers at the memorial meeting in Charleston. He was prevented from attending, as will be seen by the following dispatch to Col. Davis :

“COLUMBIA, December 11.—Col. Zimmerman Davis, President, Charleston: Senate sat until midnight. In the absence of my colleague from the State on important business, my presence here is imperative in the interest of Charleston.”

The committee to select speakers called at the residence of Hon. A. T. Smythe, State Senator, but his unfortunate absence from the State prevented their securing him as a speaker.

Col. James Simons, speaker of the House, was also invited to speak, but his duties at the Joint Assembly in Columbia at the same time, prevented his acceptance.

Miss Margaret F. Jenkins, daughter of Gen. Albert G. Jenkins, of Virginia, a distinguished Confederate officer, killed during the war, was in charge of the squad of thirteen fair workers, sent by the Charleston Female Seminary to assist the young ladies of the Confederate Home in decorating the Grand Opera House for the memorial services yesterday. They were among the first to report for duty, and much of the success attained by the committee is due to

their excellent taste and energy. All the members of the committee are sounding their praises.

The admirable portrait of Ex-President Davis, which was the central feature of the decorations of the stage, at the Grand Opera House, on memorial day, was a work in crayon, executed by Mr. Beauregard Betancourt, the rising young artist of this city. It was the right thing and certainly in the right place—between the State and National flags.

The Liberty pole in front of the Grand Opera House is still standing. The staff is draped in black and white. At the top floats the National colors bordered with crape, and under it a large Palmetto flag, the colors of the Regatta Association of South Carolina.

All the pupils of the Confederate Home are attired in mourning, and will wear mourning for thirty days, in respect to the memory of the Father of the Confederacy.

The band which contributed so much to the beauty and solemnity of the occasion, and who had all volunteered their services, consisted of :

Prof. O. Muller, director.

Veterans—R. Muller, H. Ortmann, Julius Ortmann, Louis Ortmann, John Haas, C. Beck, C. Holle, L. H. Koster, H. Puckhaber, George Bulwinkle.

German Artillery Amateur Band—A. Bugeler, J. A. Wagner, G. B. Reils, J. Koester, A. W. Ristig, F. Cordes, C. F. Hencken, W. Heinz, J. D. Bulwinkle.

The rosettes which were used at the memorial services yesterday were made by the children of the Charleston Orphan House. The wreaths were made by the young ladies of the Confederate Home. The flowers and roses were furnished by Mrs. George D. Bryan, Mrs. Edw'd Frost, Mrs. St. Julian Wilson, Mrs. E. P. Jervey, Mrs. W. W. Simons, Mrs. Glenn E. Davis, Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Mrs. J. Adger Smyth, Mrs. Daniel Ravenel, and Mrs. St. Julien Jervey.

Of the relics of the war used in the decorations one not devoid of interest was a flag of the Confederate steamer *Shenandoah*, loaned by Lieut. John Grimball, an officer of that ship, in her cruise around the world. Apart from the blow the *Shenandoah* gave to the enemy's commerce, it is indeed an interesting fact that she carried the flag of the Southern Confederacy to every quarter of the globe. On the 28th of June, 1865, after the war had closed, she was still in the Arctic Ocean on her voyage of destruction. On that day she took eight prizes. It was not until August, while in the Pacific, that she heard of the end, and not until November, 1865, did she finish her remarkable cruise, when at Liverpool was hoisted for the last time, the flag of the Southern Confederacy.

The following general orders were issued by General T. A. Huguenin, commanding the Fourth Brigade :

HEADQUARTERS 4TH BRIGADE, S. C. V. T., }
 CHARLESTON, December 7, 1889. }

[General Orders No. 5.]

Paragraph I. It is the painful duty of the Brigadier General commanding to announce to this command the death of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, late Commander-in-Chief

and President of the Confederate States of America. Full of years and honors, he has passed to that unknown land from whose bourne none ever return, but the love and esteem of his countrymen will cling to him so long as life lasts.

Paragraph II. The brigadier general commanding directs and orders that on the day of his funeral a salute of an hundred minute guns be fired from Marion Square, commencing at noon, by the German Artillery and Lafayette Artillery, each battery furnishing a section for the salute.

Paragraph III. Major G. W. Bell, ordnance officer of 4th brigade, will make all necessary preparations for the salute.

Paragraph IV. The field and staff of the brigade and battalions, captains of artillery, infantry and cavalry companies, and all line officers will attend the Memorial service, in company with the brigadier general commanding, in citizen's dress, at such hour as may be appointed by the committee in charge of the same.

By order of Brigadier Gen. HUGUENIN.

GEORGE B. EDWARDS,

Major and Adjutant General.

Drawn up on the north side of the plaza, at 11 o'clock, were two detachments of artillery. The German Artillery appeared on the scene first with one of their 6-pound brass field pieces, with limber chest drawn by a pair of magnificent dark bay horses. The cannoneers in charge of the piece were composed of eight veterans who had followed the fortunes of the Confederacy from start to finish. Every man had entered the ranks at the beginning of the war and had served through to the surrender. They were under the command of the gallant Capt. Fred Wagener, who, on this occasion acted as sergeant of the squad. The following were their positions:

Captain H. Klatte.

No. 1, Sergt. Julius Wagener, gunner.

No. 2, Lieut. D. W. Goetjen.

No. 3, Sergt. and Color-bearer A. W. Jager.

No. 4, Lieut. N. Bischoff, of Company A, German Artillery.

No. 5, Private L. Wetherhorn, of Company A, German Artillery.

No. 6, Lieut. John F. Meyer.

No. 7, Lieut. C. F. Hencken.

The Lafayette Artillery detachment, under the command of Lieut. C. L. DuBos, manned two of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch steel rifles stored in the Citadel Academy.

The squad was composed of the following members: Sergeants C. F. Gehrels, F. P. Engle, Wm. Muckenfuss and J. Lavergne, Jr; Corporals C. A. Smith and A. S. Stalling; Cannoneers E. S. Barwick, W. L. Daggett, W. A. Halsall, J. Muckenfuss, T. B. Hayes, J. E. Passailaigue, S. A. Campbell, J. O. R. Vicadomini, C. Lorenson, W. W. Hahn, W. Jarvis, W. A. Nelson, C. J. Zealey, Jos. Harbeson, W. Poulnot, J. Gorman, W. B. Harris, J. E. Kanapaux, J. T. Kanapaux.

Major George W. Bell, ordnance officer of the 4th brigade, represented Gen. Huguenin. Capt. H. L. P. Bolger Lafayette Artillery, commanded the Battery, and issued the orders for firing the salute.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS FROM THE PRESS OF THE CITY.

[*From the Sunday News, December 5.*]

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

In his essay on "Christianity consistent with a love of Freedom," Robert Hall, the great English writer and divine, says: "Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun and follow it in its course seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints and with softened effulgence the luminary which they cannot hide." It is in this spirit that we may contemplate the life and character of Jefferson Davis, whose sun has sunk quietly beneath the horizon of this world's activities to rise in glory upon some fairer shore. The clouds and darkness which obscured his life have been dispelled at last, and the storms which beat about his devoted head have been lulled to rest. It is in the unapproachable splendor of the afterglow that we catch something of the light which illuminated his life and purified the heart that has been stilled forever.

In the realm of statesmanship Mr. Davis was master; as a soldier, he knew no fear; as a patriot, he gave his life for his country. But on this, his first Sabbath in the heavenly country, it is appropriate that we should consider the higher aspects of his character—the moral stature of the man. The Statesman and Soldier and Patriot whom we mourn was something higher and better yet, for he was the perfect type of the Christian gentleman. In the touching description published yesterday of the last scenes in the life of Mr. Davis it is said: "Lying peacefully upon his bed, and without trace of pain in his look, he remained for hours silently

“clasping and tenderly caressing his wife’s hand. With “undaunted Christian spirit he awaited the end. * * * “With his cheek resting upon his right hand like a sleeping “infant,” the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken. Grand in the achievements of his life, grander still in the patience with which he withstood the assaults of his enemies and our enemies, it was in his death that he approached sublimity.

Senator Reagan, of Texas, who served in the Confederate Cabinet, and knew Mr. Davis intimately, has paid to his illustrious Chief the simplest and yet the highest tribute that could be offered. “He was the most devout Christian,” says Mr. Reagan, “that I ever knew, and the most self-“sacrificing man.” As he lay dying in New Orleans, Mr. Davis bore testimony to the faith, and “was content to “accept whatever Providence had in store for him;” and so he passed into the light. The model soldier and statesman and philosopher was likewise the model Christian. Even in the fiercest attacks of partisan misrepresentation, no charge was ever made against the purity of his private life, the integrity of his moral character. He lived above the fogs of sectional rancor, and died at peace with God.

Mr. Davis was the Christian ruler of a Christian people. The Constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States, began with this declaration :

“ We, the Deputies of the Sovereign and Independent States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, *invoking the favor of Almighty God*, do hereby, in behalf of these States, ordain and establish this Constitution for the Provisional Government of the same.”

The permanent Constitution of the Confederate States declared in its opening paragraph as follows :

“We, the people of the Confederate States, * * * *invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God*, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Confederate States of America.”

In his inaugural address as President of the Confederate States, Mr. Davis said :

"I enter upon the duties of the office to which I have been chosen with the hope that the beginning of our career as a Confederacy may not be obstructed by hostile opposition to our enjoyment of the separate existence and independence which we have asserted, and which, *with the blessing of Providence*, we intend to maintain. * * * Reverently *let us invoke the God of our Fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts* to perpetuate the principles which, by His blessing, they were able to vindicate, establish and transmit to their posterity, and *with a continuance of His favor*, ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, to prosperity."

In his last proclamation as President of the Confederate States, Mr. Davis said :

"Let us not then despond, my countrymen, but, *relying in God*, meet the foe with fresh defiance, and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."

Throughout his long and illustrious life Mr. Davis placed the most implicit confidence in God. As the Christian President of a Christian people he looked to God for guidance and blessing. In the hour of defeat he still trusted in the strength of the Eternal. On his deathbed he rested with the perfect confidence of a little child in the promises of his Lord and Master. This is the feature of his life which is now most worthy of contemplation. Greater than soldier or orator, or statesman, or President, was Jefferson Davis, gentleman and Christian.

A MARTYR DEAD.

[FROM THE DAILY SUN, CHARLESTON, S. C.]

Jefferson Davis, the grand, unconquerable old Chieftain of the Southern Confederacy, is dead. Reckless bigots have dubbed him "traitor," but his unflinching loyalty for twenty-four years to a cause that had flown to Heaven, there to be judged, and which, had no abiding place on earth any more save in his own faithful bosom, sufficiently give

the lie to the stigma. His life since the close of the war is the most indubitable instance in history going to show that human faith and loyalty to principle, for principle's sake, is not a mere figment of the brain. "Traitor" do they cry? History will niche him in its Pantheon of noble names as one of the grandest martyrs in the tide of times. Providentially martyred, be it spoken, for the truest cause for which men ever fought and bled. A cause so invincibly true—as human prescience goes—so panoplied and fortified in the armor of truth, that the gods, irrevocably committed to the prosecution of their overruling decrees, adjourned the unavoidable debate from the forum of logic and intellect to the arena of arms—from the judgment of the pen to the arbitrament of the sword—and, averting their faces, pityingly awaited the event which fate held in store.

We say that the doctrine of State sovereignty as deduced by Calhoun from the fundamentals of our Government was irrefragable—absolutely without flaw. The right to secede was its legitimate true-born child. The heresy of it was implanted in and twin-born with our Government. It was in no characteristic peculiar to the South, except as the irony of circumstances afterward directed.

The doctrine of secession was proclaimed by Josiah Quincy in the United States House of Representatives and in behalf of Massachusetts in 1811, at least a score of years before it was broached or thought of by John C. Calhoun, its greatest expounder. In opposing the "bill for the admission of what was then called the Orleans Territory (now the State of Louisiana) into the 'Union as a State,' Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, went on record with the declaration that, 'If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.'

It will thus be seen that it was left an open question in the founding of the Government and was pre-ordained to be

fought out, circumstances alone deciding who should champion the affirmative and who the negative side. A change of circumstances would have made the Northern the seceding States as the actual circumstances impelled the South to that course.

It was Jefferson Davis's fate to be involved with us in the settlement of the question by an overruling Providence, and never was mortal man more true and faithful to a people and their cause that was he to the people of the South and the cause of Secession. True and loyal heart!

"Cold in death the buried heart may lie,
But that which warmed it can never die."

We have sometimes been pained at the seeming lack of fervor in the veneration of our defeated people for their peerless chief—aye, and the undeserved reproaches which some have not refrained from heaping upon his sacred head. Let then a united South gather reverently around his bier, and if we have ever been guilty of anything that caused that great heart pain, whose every pulsation was faithful to us, there let us bitterly repent the unworthy thought or deed.

The South should omit no mark of respect for its departed hero, and the General Assembly of South Carolina, now in session at Columbia, besides appropriate ceremonies and observances, should send a committee of its members to attend his obsequies.

[FROM THE CHARLESTON WORLD.]

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Habet!

The last great actor in the great struggle of 1861, draws his last breath as the year of 1890 rapidly approaches, and the great heart of what was once the Southern Confederacy gives its last faint throb; for the first, and the last, and the only President of the vanished nation is dead.

Nearly thirty years since the beginning of that great

struggle, where millions met in sanguinary and successive conflicts, he, the head and front of the conquered, has rested calmly, the sad and silent spectator of the reconstruction which passed over the land like a cloud when destruction

closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.

At last in the fading twilight of his life, he sees the light of a great and rapidly increasing prosperity beam on the section that he loved, and the last faithful follower of Calhoun, the principal character in the grandest tragedy the world has ever witnessed, lies down to rest.

Peace to his ashes! He acted a great part, and he goes to his grave with clean hands and heart, carrying with him the affectionate remembrance of those from whose strong hearts misfortune never drove out love, or altered faith.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 709 883 0

